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D. A. PEEL,

1927.

256 e. 269

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

BY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Abuses of many kinds, and of great enormity, have been detected by the Samians in their overthrown government. What exasperates the people most, and indeed the most justly, is the discovery that the ruling families have grossly abused the temples, to the high displeasure of the gods. Sacrilege has been carried to such a pitch, that some among them have appointed a relative or dependent to the serve of more than one sanctuary. You remember that anciently all the worship of this island was confined to Juno. She displeased the people, I know not upon what occasion, and they suffered the greater part of her fanes to fall in ruins, and transferred the richest of the remainder to the priests of Bacchus. Several of

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dotus tells us that, instead of altars and temples, the verdure of the earth is chosen for their sacrifice; and music and garlands, prayers and thanksgivings, are thought as decent and acceptable as comminations and blood. It does not appear that they are less moral, or less religious, than those who have twenty gods, and twenty temples for each. The wiser men in Athens tell us that the vulgar have their prejudices. Where indeed is the person who never has repeated this observation? Yet believe me, Cleone, it is utterly untrue. The vulgar have not *their* prejudices: they have the prejudices of those who ought to remove them if they had any. Interested men give them, not their religion, but clubs and daggers for enforcing it; taking from them, in return, their time, their labour, their benevolence, their understanding, and their wealth. And are such persons to be invested with the authority of lawgivers, and the splendour of satraps? The Samians have decided that question. Priests of Bacchus, let them diffuse the liberality and joyousness, and curtail a little from the swaggering stateliness, of him whom the poet calls in his dithyrambick,

The tiger-borne and mortal-mothered God.

ASPASIA TO CLEON.

Hephæstion, whom I never have mentioned to you, and whom indeed I hardly know by name, is going to Italy, and has written this poem on the eve of his departure. It is said that his verses are deficient in tenderness and amenity. Certain it is that he by no means indulges in the display of them, whatever they may be. When Pericles had read the following, I asked him what he thought of the author. "I think," replied Pericles, "that he will never attempt to deprive me of my popularity."

I am afraid he his an ill-tempered man: yet I hear he has suffered on many occasions, and particularly in regard to his fortune, very great injustice with equally great unconcern. He is never seen in the Agora, nor in the theatre, nor in the temples, nor in any assemblage of the people, nor in any society of the learned; nor has he taken the trouble to enter into a confederacy, or strike a bargain, as warier men do, with any praiser; no, not even for the loan of a pair of palms in the Keramicos.

I have now said all I believe you will think it requisite for me to say, on a citizen so obscure, and so indifferent a poet. Yet even he, poor man! imagines that his effusions must endure. This is the most poetical thought I can find in him: but perhaps he may have written what is better than my specimen.

THE IAMBICKS OF HEPHÆSTION.

Speak not too ill of me, Athenian friends!
Nor ye, Athenian sages, speak too ill!
From others of all tribes am I secure.
I leave your confines: none whom you caress,
Finding me hungry and athirst, shall dip
Into Cephisus the grey bowl to quench
My thirst, or break the horny bread, and scoop
Stiffly around the scanty vase, wherewith
To gather the hard honey at the sides,
And give it me for having heard me sing.
Sages and friends! a better cause remains
For wishing no black sail upon my mast.
'Tis, friends and sages! lest, when other men
Say words a little gentler, ye repent,
Yet be forbidden by stern pride to share
The golden cup of kindness, pushing back
Your seats, and gasping for a draught of scorn.
Alas! shall this too, never lackt before,
Be, when you most would crave it, out of reach!
Thus, on the plank, now Neptune is invoked,
I warn you of your peril: I *must* live,
And ye, O friends! howe'er unwilling, *may*.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Aspasia I have many things to say in reply to, your last letter.

Believe me, I can take little interest in any ill tempered man. Hephæstion is this, you tell me, and there is nothing in his *Iambicks* to make me doubt it. Neither do they contain, you justly remark anything so characteristick of a poet as the confidence he expresses that he shall live. All poets, good and bad, are possessed by this confidence; because the minds of them all, however feeble, however incapacious, are carried to the uttermost pitch of enthusiasm. In this dream they fancy they stand upon the same eminence, or nearly so, and look unto the same distance. But no poet, or other writer, supposing him in his senses, could ever think seriously that his works will be eternal: for whatever had a beginning must also have an end; and in this predicament are languages. Like the fowls of the air, they are driven from the plains and take refuge in the mountains, until at last they disappear, leaving some few traces, some sounds imperfectly caught up. Highly poetical works, or

those in which eloquence is invested with the richest attributes of poetry, are the only ones that can prolong the existence of a dialect. Egypt and Phœnicia and Chaldæa, beyond doubt, contain many treatises on the arts and sciences, although unpublished, and preserved only by the priesthood or by the descendants of the authors and discoverers. These are certainly to pass away before inventions and improvements more important. But if there is anything of genius, in their hymns, fables, or histories, it will remain among them, even when their languages shall have undergone many variations: and afterwards, when they are spoken no longer, it will be incorporated with others, and finally be claimed as original and indigenous by nations the most remote and dissimilar. Many streams, whose fountains are now utterly dried up, have flowed from afar to be lost in the ocean of Homer. Our early companions, the animals of good old Esop, have spoken successively in every learned tongue. And now a few words on that gentlest and most fatherly of masters. Before we teach his fables to children, we should study them very attentively ourselves. They were written for

the wisest and the most powerful, whose wisdom they might increase, and whose power they might direct. There are many men, of influence and authority, apt enough to take kindly a somewhat sharp bite from a dog or monkey, and to be indignant at the slightest touch on the shoulder from a fellow-creature. It is improbable that a fable will do many of them much good, but it may do a little to one in twenty, and the amount is by no means unimportant in that number of generations. The only use of Esop to children, after the delight he gives them, is the promotion of familiarity and friendship with animals, in proportion as they appear to deserve it: and a great use indeed it is. If I were not afraid that one or other of these vigilant creatures might snap at me, I would now begin to quarrel a little with you. And yet I think I should have on my side some of the most sagacious, were I to reprehend you for letting an ill-tempered man render you supercilious and unjust. How do you know, pray, that Hephæstion may not live? and quite as long as he fancies he shall; a century or two, or three. Even in the *Iambicks* there is a compression and energy of thought, which the best poets sometimes want, and there

is in them as much poetry as was necessary on the occasion. The poet has given us, at one stroke, the true impression of a feature in his character; which few have done, and few can do, excepting those only which are nearly alike in the whole fraternity.

Doubtless we are pleased to take our daily walk by streams that reflect the verdure and the flowers: but the waters of a gloomy cavern may be as pellucid and pure, and more congenial to our graver thoughts and bolder imaginations.

For any high or any wide operation, a poet must be endued, not with passion indeed, but with power and mastery over it; with imagination, with reflection, with observation, and with discernment. There are however some things in poetry which admit few of these qualities. Comedy, for instance, would evaporate under too fervid a fancy: and the sounds of the Ode would be dulled and deadened by being too closely overarched with the fruitage of reflection. Homer in himself is subject to none of the passions; but he sends them all forth on his errands with as much precision and velocity as Apollo his golden arrows. The hostile Gods, the very Fates them-

selves, must have wept with Priam in the tent before Achilles: Homer stands unmoved.

Aspasia! there is every reason why a good-natured person should make us goodnatured, but none whatever why an ill-natured one should make us ill-natured: neither of them ought to make us unjust. You do not know Hephæstion, and you speak ill of him on the report of others who perhaps know him as little as you do. You would shudder if I ventured to show you the position you have taken. Ill-tempered you cannot be; you would not be unfair: what if, in the opinion of all your friends, you should be a more shocking thing than either! what, in the name of the immortal gods! if I should have found you, on this one occasion, a somnambulist on the verge of vulgarity!

Take courage: nobody has seen it but myself. If there are bad people in the world, and may-be there are plenty, we ought never to let it be thought that we are near enough to be aware of it.

Again to Hephæstion.

It is better to be austere than ambitious: better to live out of society than to court the

worst. How many of the powerful, even within the confines of their own household, will be remembered less affectionately and lastingly than tame sparrows and talking daws! and, among the number of those who are destined to be known hereafter, of how many will the memory be laden with contempt or with execrations! To the wealthy, proud, and arrogant, the gods have allotted no longer an existence than to the utensils in their kitchens or the vermin in their sewers: while, to those whom such perishables would depress and vilify, the same Eternal Beings have decreed and ratified their own calm consciousness of plastic power, of immovable superiority, with a portion (immeasurably great) of their wisdom, their authority, and their duration.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

We have kept your birth-day, Aspasia!

On these occasions I am reluctant to write any thing. Politeness, I think, and humanity, should always check the precipitancy of congratulation. Nobody is felicitated on losing. Even the loss of

a bracelet or tiara is deemed no subject for merriment and alertness in our friends and followers. Surely then the marked and registered loss of an irreparable year, the loss of a limb of life, ought to excite far other sensations.

So long is it, O Aspasia! since we have read any poetry together, I am quite uncertain whether you know the Ode to Asteröessa.

1.

Asteröessa! many bring
The vows of verse and blooms of spring
To crown thy natal day.
Lo, *my* vow too amid the rest!
"Ne'er mayst thou sigh from that white breast,"
O take them all away!

2.

For there are cares and there are wrongs,
And withering eyes and venom'd tongues;
They now are far behind;
But come they must: and every year
Some flowers decay, some thorns appear,
Whereof these gifts remind.

3.

Cease, raven, cease! nor scare the dove
With croak around and swoop above;
Be peace, be joy, within!
Of all that hail this happy tide
My verse alone be cast aside!
Lyre! cimbal! dance! begin!

Although there must be some myriads of Odes written on the same occasion, yet, among the hundred or two on which I can lay my hand, none conveys my own sentiments so completely.

Sweetest Aspasia, live on! live on! but rather, live back the past!

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

The Parthenon is now completed, and waits but for the goddess. A small temple raised by Cimon in honour of Theseus, is the model. This until lately, was the only beautiful edifice in the Athenian dominions. Pericles is resolved that Athens shall not only be the mistress, but the admiration of the world, and that her architecture shall, if possible, keep pace with her military and intellectual renown. Our countrymen, who have hitherto been better architects than the people of Attica, think it indecorous and degrading that Ionians, as the Athenians are, should follow the fashion of the Dorians, so inferior a race of mortals. Many grand designs were offered by Ictinus to the approbation and choice of the publick. Those which

he calls Ionian, are the gracefuller. Craterus, a young architect, perhaps to ridicule the finery and extravagance of the Corinthians, exposed to view a gorgeous design of slender columns and top-heavy capitals, such as, if ever carried into execution, would be incapable of resisting the humidity of the sea-breezes, or even the action of the open air, uninfluenced by them. These however would not be misplaced as indoor ornaments, particularly in bronze or ivory; and indeed small pillars of such a character would be suitable enough to highly ornamented apartments. I have conversed on the subject with Ictinus, who remarked to me that what we call the Dorick column is in fact Egyptian, modified to the position and the worship; and that our noblest specimens are but reduced and petty imitations of those ancient and indestructible supporters, to the temples of Thebes, of Memphis, and Tentira. He smiled at the ridicule cast on the Corinthians, by the name designating those florid capitals; but agreed with me that, on a smaller scale, in gold or silver, they would serve admirably for the receptacles of wax-lights on solemn festivals. He praised the designs of our Ionian architects, and acknowledged that their pillars alone deserved the

appellation of Grecian, but added that, in places liable to earthquakes, inundations, or accumulations of sand, the solider column was in its proper situation. The architraves of the Parthenon are chiseled by the scholars of Phidias, who sometimes gave a portion of the design. It is reported that two of the figures bear the marks of the master's own hand: he leaves it to the conjecture of future ages which they are. Some of the young architects, Ionian and Athenian, who were standing with me, disputed not only on the relative merits of their architecture, but of their dialect. One of them, Psamiades of Ephesus, ill enduring the taunt of Brachys the Athenian, that the Ionian, from its open vowels, resembled a pretty pulpy hand which could not close itself, made an attack on the letter T usurping the place of S, and against the augments.

"Is it not enough," said he, "that you lisp, but you must also stammer?"

Let us have patience if any speak against us, O Cleone! when a censure is cast on the architecture of Ictinus and on the dialect of Athens.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

When the weather is serene and bright, I think of the young Aspasia; of her liveliness, her playfulness, her invitations to sit down on the grass; her challenges to run, to leap, to dance, and, if nobody was near to gambol. The weather at this season is neither bright nor serene, and I think the more of my Aspasia, because I want her more. Fie upon me! And yet on the whole,

> Happy to me has been the day,
> The shortest of the year,
> Though some alas are far away
> Who made the longest yet more brief appear.

I never was formed for poetry: I hate whatever I have written, five minutes afterwards, A weakly kid likes the warm milk, and likes the drawing of it from its sources; but place the same before her cold, in a pail, and she smells at it and turns away.

Among the Tales lately come out here, many contain occasional poetry. In the preface to one, the scene of which lies mostly in Athens the author says,

"My reader will do well to draw his pen across

the verses: they are not good for him. The olive, especially the Attic, is pleasing to few the first time it is tasted."

This hath raised an outcry against him; so that of the whole fraternity he is the most unpopular.

"The gods confound him with his Atticisms!" exclaim the sober-minded. "Is not the man contented to be a true and hearty Carian? Have we not roses and violets, lilies and amaranths, crocuses and sow-thistles? Have we not pretty girls and loving ones; have we not desperate girls and cruel ones, as abundantly as elsewhere? Do not folks grieve and die to his heart's content? We possess the staple; and, by Castor and Pollux! we can bleach it and comb it and twist it, as cleverly as the sharpest of your light-fingered locust-eaters."

You will soon see his works, among others more voluminous. In the meanwhile, I cannot end my letter in a pleasanter way than with a copy of these verses, which are nearer to the shortest than to the best.

1.

Perilla! to thy fates resign'd,
Think not what years are gone,
While Atalanta lookt behind
The golden fruit roll'd on.

2.

Albeit a mother may have lost
The plaything at her breast,
Albeit the one she cherisht most,
It but endears the rest.

3.

Youth, my Perilla, clings on Hope,
And looks into the skies
For brighter day; she fears to cope
With grief, she shrinks at sighs.

4.

Why should the memory of the past
Make you and me complain?
Come, as we could not hold it fast
We'll play it o'er again.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

There are odes in Alcæus which the pen would stop at, trip at, or leap over. Several in our collection are wanting in yours; this among them.

1.

Wormwood and rue be on his tongue
And ashes on his head,
Who chills the feast and checks the song
With emblems of the dead!

2.

By young and jovial, wise and brave,
Such mummers are derided.
His sacred rites shall Bacchus have,
Unspared and undivided.

3.

Coucht by my friends, I fear no mask
Impending from above,
I only fear the later flask
That holds me from my love.

Show these to any priest of Bacchus, especially to any at Samos, and he will shake his head at you, telling you that Bacchus will never do without his masks and mysteries, which it is holier to fear than the *later flask*. On this subject, he would prove to you, all fears are empty ones.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

In all ancient nations there are grand repositories of wisdom, although it may happen that little of it is doled out to the exigencies of the people. There is more in the fables of Esop than in the schools of our Athenian philosophers: there is more in the laws and usages of Persia, than in the greater part of those communities which are loud in denouncing them for barbarism. And yet

there are some that shock me. We are told by Herodotus, who tells us whatever we know with certainty a step beyond our thresholds, that a boy in Persia is kept in the apartments of the women, and prohibited from seeing his father until the fifth year. The reason is, he informs us, that if he dies before this age, his loss may give the parent no uneasiness. And such a custom he thinks commendable. Herodotus has no child, Cleone! If he had, far other would be his feelings and his judgment. Before that age, how many seeds are sown, which future years, and very distant ones, mature successively! How much fondness, how much generosity, what hosts of other virtues, courage, constancy, patriotism, spring into the father's heart from the cradle of his child! And does never the fear come over him, that what is most precious to him upon earth is left in careless or prefidious, in unsafe or unworthy hands? Does it never occur to him that he loses a son in every one of these five years? What is there so affecting to the brave and virtuous man, as that which perpetually wants his help and cannot call for it? What is so different as the speaking and the mute! And hardly less so are

inarticulate sounds, and sounds which he receives half-formed, and which he delights to modulate, and which he lays with infinite care and patience, not only on the tender attentive ear, but on the half-open lips, and on the eyes, and on the cheeks; as if they all were listeners. In every child there are many children; but coming forth year after year, each somewhat like and somewhat varying. When they are grown much older, the leaves (as it were) lose their pellucid green, the branches their graceful pliancy.

Is there any man so rich in happiness that he can afford to throw aside these first five years? is there any man who can hope for another five so exuberant in unsating joy?

O my sweet infant! I would teach thee to kneel before the gods, were it only to thank 'em that thou art Athenian and not Persian.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Our good Anaxagoras said to me this morning, "You do well, Aspasia, to read history in preference to philosophy, not only on the recommen-

dation but according to the practice of Pericles. A good historian will be a good philosopher, but will take especial care that he be never caught in the attitude of disquisition or declamation. The golden vein must run through his field, but we must not see rising out of it the shaft and the machinery. We should moderate or repress our curiosity and fastidiousness. Perhaps at no time will there be written, by the most accurate and faithful historian, so much of truth as untruth. But actions enow will come out with sufficient prominence before the great tribunal of mankind, to exercise their judgment and regulate their proceedings. If statesmen looked attentively at every thing past, they would find infallible guides in all emergencies. But leaders are apt to shudder at the idea of being led, and little know what different things are experiment and experience. The sagacity of a Pericles himself is neither rule nor authority to those impetuous men, who would rather have rich masters than frugal friends.

"The young folks from the school of your suitor, Socrates, who begin to talk already of travelling in Egypt when the plague is over, are likely to return with a distemper as incurable,

breaking bulk with dæmons and dreams. They carry stem and stern too high out of the water, and are more attentive to the bustling and bellying of the streamers, than to the soundness of the mast, the compactness of the deck, or the capacity and cleanliness of the hold."

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Anaxagoras told me yesterday that he had been conversing with some literary men, philosophers and poets, who agreed in one thing only, which is, that we are growing worse day after day, both in morality and intellect. Hints were thrown out that philosophy had mistaken her road, and that it was wonderful how she could be at once so dull and so mischievous. The philosophers themselves made this complaint: the poets were as severe on poetry, and were amazed that we were reduced so low as to be the hearers of Sophocles and Euripides, and three or four more, who however were quite good enough for such admirers.

"It is strange," said Anaxagoras, "that we are

unwilling to receive the higher pleasures, when they come to us and solicit us, and when we are sure they will do us great and lasting good; and that we gape and pant after the lower, when we are equally sure they will do us great and lasting evil. I am incapable," continued he, "of enjoying so much pleasure from the works of imagination as these poets are, who would rather hate Euripides and Sophocles than be delighted by them; yet who follow the shade of Orpheus with as ardent an intensity of love as Orpheus followed the shade of Eurydice. Ignorant as I am of poetry, I dared not hazard the opinion that our two contemporaries were really deserving of more commendation on the score of verse, inferior as they might be to Marsyas and Thamyris and the Centaur Chiron: and to the philosophers I could only say, My dear friends! let us keep our temper firmly, and our tenets laxly; and let any man correct both who will take the trouble.

"I come to you, Aspasia, to console me for the derision I bring home with me."

I kissed his brow, which was never serener, and assured him that he possessed more comfort

than any mortal could bestow upon him, and that he was the only one living who never wanted any.

"I am not insensible," said he, "that every year at my time of life, we lose some pleasure; some twig, that once blossomed, cankers."

I never was fond of looking forward: I have invariably checked both hopes and wishes. It is but fair then that I should be allowed to turn away my eyes from the prospect of age: even if I could believe that it would come to me as placidly as it has come to Anaxagoras, I would rather lie down to sleep before the knees tremble as they bend. With Anaxagoras I never converse in this manner; for old men more willingly talk of age than hear others talk of it; and neither fool nor philosopher likes to think of the time when he shall talk no longer. I told my dear old man that, having given a piece of moral to the philosophers, he must not be so unjust as to refuse a like present to the poets About an hour before I began my letter, he came into the library, and, to my great surprise brought me these verses, telling me that, if they were satirical, the satire fell entirely upon himself.

Pleasures away; they please no more.
Friends! are they what they were before?

Loves! they are very idle things,
The best about them are their wings.
The dance! 'tis what the bear can do;
Musick! I hate your musick too.

Whene'er these witnesses that Time
Hath snatcht the chaplet from our prime,
Are call'd by Nature, as we go
With eye more wary, step more slow,
And will be heard and noted down,
However we may fret or frown,
Shall we desire to leave the scene
Where all our former joys have been?
No, 'twere ungrateful and unwise . .
But when die down our charities
For human weal and human woes,
Then is the time our eyes should close.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

We hear that another state has been rising up gradually to power, in the center of Italy. It was originally formed of a band of pirates from some distant country who took possession of two eminences, fortified long before, and overlooking a wide extent of country. Under these eminences, themselves but of little elevation, are five hillocks, on which they enclosed the cattle by night. It is

reported that here were the remains of an ancient and extensive city, which served the robbers for hiding-places; and temples were not wanting in which to deprecate the vengeance of the gods for the violence and murders they committed daily. The situation is unhealthy, which perhaps is the reason why the city was abandoned, and is likewise a sufficient one why it was rebuilt by the present occupants. They might perpetrate what depredations they pleased, confident that no force could long besiege them in a climate so pestilential. Relying on this advantage, they seized from time to time as many women as were requisite, for any fresh accession of vagabonds, rogues, and murderers.

The Sabines bore the loss tolerably well, until the Romans (so they call themselves) went beyond all bounds, and even took their cattle from the yoke. The Sabines had endured all that it became them to endure; but the lowing of their oxen, from the seven hills, reached their hearts and inflamed them with revenge. They are a pastoral, and therefore a patient people, able to undergo the exertions and endure the privations of war, but never having been thieves, the Romans over-matched them in

vigilance, activity, and enterprise; and have several times since made incursions into their country, and forced them to disadvantageous conditions. Emboldened by success, they ventured to insult and exasperate the nearest of the Tuscan princes.

The Tuscans are a very proud and very ancient nation, and, like all nations that are proud and ancient, excel chiefly in enjoying themselves. Demaratus the Corinthian dwelt among them several years; and from the Corinthians they learned to improve their pottery, which, however, it does not appear that they ever have carried to the same perfection as the Corinthian, the best of it being very indifferently copied, both in the form and in the figures on it.

Herodotus has written to Pericles all he could collect relating to them; and Pericles says the account is interesting. For my part I could hardly listen to it, although written by Herodotus and read by Pericles. I have quite forgotten the order of events. I think they are such as neither you nor any one else, excepting those who live near them, will ever care about. But the Tuscans really are an extraordinary people. They have

no poets, no historians, no orators, no statuaries, no painters: they say they once had them: so much the more disgraceful. The Romans went out against them and dispersed them, although they blew many trumpets bravely, and brought (pretty nearly into action) many stout soothsayers. The enemy it appears, has treated them with clemency: they may still feed soothsayers, blow horns, and have wives in common.

I hope it is near your bed-time: if it is, you will thank me for my letter.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Who would have imagined that the grave, sedate Pericles, could take such delight in mischief! After reading my dissertation on the Tyrrhenians and Romans, he gave it again into my hands, saying,

"Pray amuse your friend Cleone with your first attempt at history."

I sent it off, quite unsuspicious. In the evening he looked at me with a smile of no short continuance, and said at last,

"Aspasia! I perceive you are emulous of our Halicarnassian; but pray do not publish that historical Essay either in his name or your own. He does not treat the Romans quite so lightly as you do, and shows rather more justice to the Tyrrhenians. You forgot to mention some important facts recorded by him, and some doubts as weighty. We shall come to them presently.

"Having heard of the Romans, but nothing distinctly, I wished to receive a clearer and a fuller account of them, and wrote to Herodotus by the first ship that sailed for Tarentum. The city where he is residing lies near it, and I gave orders that my letter should be taken thither, and delivered into his hands. Above a year is elapsed, during which time Herodotus tells me he has made all the inquiries that the pursuit of his studies would allow; that he is continuing to correct the errors, elucidate the doubtful points, and correct the style and arrangement of his history; and that, when he has completed it to his mind, he shall have time and curiosity to consider with some attention this remarkable tribe of barbarians.

"At present he has not been able to answer my questions; for never was writer so sedulous in the

pursuit and examination of facts; what he sees, he describes clearly; what he hears, he relates faithfully; and he bestows the same care on the composition as he had bestowed on the investigation.

"The Romans, I imagined, had been subdued by Numa, a Sabine; for it can hardly be credited that so ferocious a community sent a friendly invitation, to be governed and commanded by the prince of a nation they had grossly and repeatedly insulted. What services had he rendered them? or by what means had they become acquainted with his aptitude for government? They had ever been rude and quarrelsome: he was distinguished for civility and gentleness. They had violated all that is most sacred in public and private life: virgins were seized by treachery, detained by force, and compelled to wipe the blood of their fathers off the sword of their ravishers. A fratricide king had recently been murdered by a magistracy of traitors. What man in his senses would change any condition of life to become the ruler of such a people? None but he who had conquered and could control them: none but one who had swords enough for every head

among them. Absolute power alone can tame them, and fit them for any thing better; and this power must reside in the hands of a brave and sagacious man, who will not permit it to be shared, or touched, or questioned. Under such a man, such a people may become formidable, virtuous, and great. It is too true that, to be martial, a nation must taste of blood in its cradle. Philosophers may dispute it; but time past has written it down, and time to come will confirm it. Of these matters the sophists can know nothing: he who understands them best will be the least inclined to discourse on them.

"Another thing I doubted, and wished to know. Numa is called a Sabine. The Sabines are illiterate still: in the time of Numa they were ruder; they had no commerce, no communication with countries beyond Italy; and yet there are writers who tell us that he introduced laws, on the whole not dissimilar to ours, and corrected the calendar. Is it credible? Is it possible? I am disposed to believe that both these services were rendered by the son of Demaratus, and that the calendar might have been made better, were it not requisite on such an occasion, more than almost

any other, to consult the superstition of the populace.

"I myself am afraid of touching the calendar here in Athens, many as have been my conferences with Meton on the subject. Done it shall be; but it must be either just before a victory, or just after.

"If the Sabine had sent an embassy, or even an individual, to Athens, in order to collect our laws, the archives of the city would return a record of so wonderful an event. He certainly could not have picked them up in the pastures or woodlands of his own country. But the Corinthians know them well, and have copied most of them. All nations are fond of pushing the date of their civilisation as high up as possible, and care not how remotely they place the benefits they have received. And as probably some of the Romans were aware that Numa was their conqueror, they helped to abolish the humiliating suspicion, by investing him successively with the robes of a priest, of a legislator, and of an astronomer.

"His two nearest successors were warriors and conquerors. The third was the son of that De-

maratus of whom we have spoken, and who, exiled from Corinth, settled among the Tyrrhenians, and afterwards, being rich and eloquent, won over to his interests the discontented and the venal of the Romans; at all times a great majority. We hear that he constructed, of hewn stone, a long, a spacious and a lofty channel, to convey the filth of the town into the river: we hear, at the same time, that the town itself was fabricated of hurdles and mud, upon ruins of massy workmanship; that the best houses were roofed with rushes, and that the vases of the temples were earthen. Now, kings in general, and mostly those whose authority is recent and insecure, think rather of amusing the people by spectacles, or pampering their appetites by feasts and donatives, or dazzling their imagination by pomp and splendour. Theaters, not common sewers, suited best the Romans. Their first great exploit was performed in a theater, at the cost of the Sabines. Moreover they were very religious, and stole every god and goddess they could lay their hands on. Surely, so considerate a person as the son of Demaratus would have adapted his magnificence to the genius of the people, who never cared about filth, but

were always most zealous in their devotions. This we might imagine would occur to him as more and more requisite, on the capture of every town or village; for, when the Romans had killed the inhabitants, they transferred the gods very diligently into their city, that they might not miss their worshippers. Now the gods must have wanted room by degrees, and might not have liked their quarters. Five hundred temples could have been erected at less expense than the building of this stupendous duct. Did the son of Demaratus build it then?

"The people are still ignorant, still barbarous, still cruel, still intractable; but they are acute in the perception of their interests, and have established at last a form of government more resembling the Carthaginian than ours. As their power does not arise from commerce, like the power of Carthage, but strikes its roots into the solid earth, its only sure foundation, it is much less subject to the gusts of fortune, and will recover from a shock more speedily. Neither is there any great nation in contact with them. When they were much weaker, the Etrurians conquered them, under the command of their prince Porsena; but thought they could

leave them nowhere less inconveniently than in the place they themselves had abandoned. The Sabines too conquered them a second time, and imposed a king over them, but were so unsuspicious and inconsiderate as not to destroy the city, and parcel out the inhabitants for Greece, Sicily, and Africa.

"Living as they did on their farms, with no hold upon the Romans but a king, who, residing in the city with few of his own countrymen about him, was rather a hostage than a ruler, his authority was soon subverted. The Sabines at this time are partly won by conquest, and partly domiciliated by consanguinity. The Etrurians are spent and effete. The government of the Romans, from royal, is now become aristocratical; and the people, deprived of their lawful share in the lands they conquered from so many enemies, swear hatred to kings, and sigh for their return. One flagrant crime consumed the regal authority; a thousand smouldering ones eat deep into the consular. The military system stands apart, admirable in its formation; and unless that too falls, the Roman camps will move forward year after year, until the mountains and the seas of Italy shall not con-

tain them. They are heirs to the wealth of worn-out nations, and when they have seized upon their inheritance, they will fight with braver. The Romans will be to Italy what the Macedonians at some future day will be to Greece.

"The old must give way to the young, nations like men, and men like leaves."

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Buildings of high antiquity have usually been carried by the imagination very much higher still. But, by what we hear of the Tuscans, we may believe that in their country there are remains of earlier times, than in ours. Every thing about them shows a pampered and dissolute and decaying people.

You will hardly think a sewer a subject for curiosity and investigation: yet nothing in Europe is so vast and so well-constructed as the sewer at Rome, excepting only the harbour-walls and propylæa, built recently here at Athens, under the administration of Pericles. I have asked him some further questions on the wonderful work still

extant in the city occupied by the Romans. I will now give you his answer.

"Do not imagine that, unable as I am to ascertain the time when the great sewer of Rome was constructed, I am desirous of establishing one opinion in prejudice of another, or forward in denying that a rich Corinthian might have devised so vast an undertaking. But in Corinth herself we find nothing of equal magnitude, nothing at all resembling its architecture: the Tuscans, who are stated to have been employed in building it, have ceased for many ages to be capable of any thing similar; all their great fabricks may be dated more than a thousand years before the age of Tarquin. I feel no interest in the support of an hypothesis. Take it, or reject it; I would rather that you rejected it, if you would replace it with another and a better. Many things pass across the mind, which are neither to be detained in it with the intention of insisting on them as truths, nor are to be dismissed from it as idle and intrusive. Whatever gives exercise to our thoughts, gives them not only activity and strength, but likewise range. We are not obliged to continue on the training-ground; nor on the other hand is

it expedient to obstruct it or plough it up. The hunter, in quest of one species of game, often finds another, and always finds what is better, freshness and earnestness and animation. Were I occupied in literature, I should little fear stumbling in my ascent toward its untrodden and abstruser scenery: being a politician, I know that a single false step is a fall, and a fall is ruin. We may begin wrong, and continue so with impunity; but we must not deviate from wrong to right."

He said this with one of his grave smiles; and then to me,

"A slender shrub, the ornament of your private walk, may with moderate effort be drawn strait again from any obliquity; but such an attempt, were it practicable, would crack every fibre in the twisted tree that overshades the forest.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Who told you, Aspasia, that instead of poetry,* of history, of philosophy, our writers at Miletus

* This is an answer to a letter not extant. The Milesians are said to be the inventors of tales not always quite decorous.

are beginning to compose a species of tales, founded on love or madness, and ending in miserable death or wealthy marriage; and that, at the conclusion of the work, a strict account is rendered of all estrays, of all that had once come into it and had disappeared? Very true, the people at large run after the detail of adventures, and are as anxious to see the termination as they are to reach the bottom of an amphora; but I beseech you never to imagine that we are reduced in our literature to such a state of destitution, as to be without the enjoyment of those treasures which our ancestors left behind them. No, Aspasia, we are not yet so famished that a few morsels of more nutritious food would overpower us. I assure you, we do not desire to see a death or a marriage set upon the table every day. We are grateful for all the exercises and all the excursions of intellect, and our thanks are peculiarly due to those by whose genius our pleasure in them is increased or varied. If we have among us any one capable of devising an imaginary tale, wherein all that is interesting in poetry is united with all that is instructive in history, such an author will not supersede the poets and historians, but will

walk between them, and be cordially hailed by both.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

When we are dull we run to musick. I am sure you must be dull enough after so much of history and of politicks. My Pericles can discover portents in Macedonia and Italy: Anaximander could see mountains in the moon. I desire to cast my eyes no farther than to Miletus.

Take your harp.

ODE TO MILETUS.

1.

Maiden there was whom Jove
Illuded into love,
Happy and pure was she;
Glorious from her the shore became,
And Helle lifted up her name
To shine eternal o'er the river-sea.

2.

And many tears are shed
Upon thy bridal-bed,
Star of the swimmer in the lonely night!
Who with unbraided hair
Wipedst a breast so fair,
Bounding with toil, more bounding with delight.

3.

But they whose prow hath past thy straits
And, ranged before Byzantion's gates
Bring to the Gods of sea the victim due,
Even from the altar raise their eyes,
And drop the chalice with surprise,
And at such grandor have forgotten you.

4.

At last there swells the hymn of praise . .
And who inspires those sacred lays?
"The founder of the walls ye see."
What human power could elevate
Those walls, that citadel, that gate?
"Miletus, O my sons! was he."

5.

Hail then, Miletus! hail beloved town
Parent of me and mine!
But let not power alone be thy renown,
Nor chiefs of ancient line,

6.

Nor visits of the gods, unless
They leave their thoughts below,
And teach us that we most should bless
Those to whom most we owe.

7.

Restless is Wealth; the nerves of Power
Sink, as a lute's in rain:
The gods lend only for an hour
And then call back again

8.

All else than wisdom ; she alone,
In Truth's or Virtue's form,
Descending from the starry throne
Thro' radiance and thro' storm,

9.

Remains as long as godlike men
Afford her audience meet,
Nor Time nor War tread down agen
The traces of her feet.

10.

Always hast thou, Miletus, been the friend,
Protector, guardian, father, of the wise;
Therefore shall thy dominion ever end
Till Fame, despoil'd of voice and pinion, dies.

11.

With favouring shouts and flowers thrown fast behind,
Arctinus ran his race,
No wanderer he, alone and blind . .
And Melesander was untorn by Thrace.

12.

There have been, but not here,
Rich men who swept aside the royal feast
On child's or bondman's breast,
Bidding the wise and aged disappear.

13.

Revere the aged and the wise,
Aspasia . . but thy sandal is not worn
To trample on these things of scorn . .
By his own sting the fire-bound scorpion dies.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

To-day there came to visit us a writer who is not yet an author: his name is Thucydides. We understand that he has been these several years engaged in preparations for a history. Pericles invited him to meet Herodotus, when that wonderful man was returning to our country, and about to sail from Athens. Until then, it was believed by the intimate friends of Thucydides that he would devote his life to poetry, and such is his vigour both of thought and of expression, that he would have been the rival of Pindar. Even now he is fonder of talking on poetry than any other subject, and blushed when history was mentioned. By degrees however he warmed, and listened with deep interest to the discourse of Pericles on the duties of an historian.

"May our first Athenian historian not be the greatest!" said he, "as the first of our dramatists has been, in the opinion of many. Eschylus was the creator of Tragedy, nor did she ever shine with such splendour, ever move with such stateliness and magnificence, as at her first apparition on the horizon. The verses of Sophocles are

more elaborate, the language purer, the sentences fuller and more harmonious, but in loftiness of soul, and in the awfulness with which he invests his characters, Eschylus remains unrivalled and unapproached.

"We are growing too loquacious, both on the stage and off. We make disquisitions which render us only more and more dim-sighted, and excursions that only consume our stores. If some among us who have acquired celebrity by their compositions, calm, candid, contemplative men, were to undertake the history of Athens from the invasion of Xerxes, I should expect a fair and full criticism on the orations of Antiphon, and experience no disappointment at their forgetting the battle of Salamis. History, when she has lost her Muse, will lose her dignity, her occupation, her character, her name. She will wander about the Agora; she will start, she will stop, she will look wild, she will look stupid, she will take languidly to her bosom doubts, queries, essays, dissertations, some of which ought to go before her, some to follow, and all to stand apart. The field of History should not merely be well tilled, but well peopled. None is delightful to me, or interesting,

in which I find not as many illustrious names as have a right to enter it. We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes, and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back, and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Shew me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained and great calamities averted. Shew me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence; tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children. Teach me whence laws were introduced, upon what foundation laid, by what custody guarded, in what inner keep preserved. Let the books of the Treasury lie closed as religiously as the Sibyl's; leave weights and measures in the market-place, Commerce in the harbour, the Arts in the light they love, Philosophy in the shade: place History on her rightful throne, and, at the sides of her, Eloquence and War.

"Aspasia! try your influence over Thucydides: perhaps he would not refuse you the pleasure of hearing a few sentences of the work he has begun.

I may be a plagiary if I am a listener, and yet I would request permission to be present."

Thucydides was pleased at this deference, and has promised to return soon.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Polynices, a fishmonger, has been introduced upon the stage. He had grown rich by his honesty and goodnature; and latterly, in this hot season, had distributed among the poorer families the fish he could not sell in the daytime at a reasonable price. Others of the same trade cried out against his unfairness, and he was insulted and beaten in the market-place. So favorable an incident could not escape the sagacious scent of our comick writers. He was represented on the stage as aiming at supreme power, riding upon a dolphin through a stormy sea, with a lyre in one hand, a dogfish in the other, and singing,

> I, whom ye see so high on
> A dolphin's back, am not Arion,
> But (should the favoring breezes blow me faster)
> Cecropians! by the Gods! . . your master!

The people were very indignant at this, and

demanded with loud cries the closing of the theater, and the abolition of comedies for ever.

What the abuse of the wisest and most powerful men in the community could not effect, the abuse of a fishmonger has brought about.

The writers and actors of comedy came in a body to Pericles, telling him they had seen the madness of the people, and had heard with wonder and consternation that it was supported by some of the Archons.

He answered, that he was sorry to see Comedy with a countenance so altered as to make him tremble for her approaching dissolution; her descent into the regions of Tragedy. He wondered how the Archons should deem it expedient to correct those, whose office and employment it had hitherto been to correct *them;* and regretted his inability to interpose between two conflicting authorities; he must leave it entirely to the people, who would soon grow calmer, and renew their gratitude to their protectors and patrons.

In the midst of these regrets the theater for comedy was closed. The poets and actors, as they departed, made various observations.

"Dogs sweat and despots laugh inwardly,"

said Hegesias. "Did you note his malice? the Sisyphus!"

"We have nothing left for it," said Hipponax, "but to fall upon our knees among the scales, fins, and bladders at the fish-stall."

"Better," said Aristophanes, "make up to Religion, and look whether the haughty chieftain has no vulnerable place in his heel for an arrow from that quarter."

"He has broken your bow," said Pherecydes: "take heed that the people do not snatch at the string: they have shown that they can pull hard, and may pull where we would not have them."

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Thucydides has just left us. He has been reading to me a portion of history. At every pause I nodded to Pericles, who I thought avoided to remark it purposely, but who in reality was so attentive and thoughtful that it was long before he noticed me. When the reading was over, I said to him,

"So, you two sly personages have laid your

sober heads together in order to deceive me, as if I am so silly, so ignorant of peculiarity in style, as not to discover in an instant the fraud you would impose on me. Thucydides!" said I, "you have redd it well; only one could have redd it better . . the author himself" . . shaking my head at Pericles.

"O Aspasia!" said our guest, "I confess to you I was always a little too fond of praise, although I have lived in retirement to avoid it until due, wishing to receive the whole sum at once, however long I might wait for it. But never did I expect so much as this: it overturns the scale by its weight."

"O Thucydides!" said Pericles, "I am jealous of Aspasia. No one before ever flattered her so in my presence."

I entreated him to continue to write, and to bring down his history to the present times.

"My reverence for Herodotus," said he, "makes me stand out of his way and look at him from a distance. I was obliged to take another model of style. I hope to continue my work beyond the present day, and to conclude it with some event

which shall have exalted our glory and have established our supremacy in Greece."

"Go on," said I; "fear no rivals. Others are writing who fear not even Herodotus, nor greatly indeed respect him. They will be less courteous with you perhaps, whose crown is yet in the garden. The creatures run about and kick and neigh in all directions, with a gadfly on them, ever since they left the race course at Olympia. At one moment they lay the muzzle softly and languidly and lovingly upon each other's neck; at another they rear and bite like Python."

"I ought to experience no enmity from them," said he, "Before my time comes, theirs will be over."

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

I am pleased with your little note, and hope you may live to write a commentary on the same author. You speak with your usual judgment, in commending our historian for his discretion in metaphors. Not indeed that his language is without them, but they are rare, impressive, and dis-

tinct. History wants them occasionally: in oratory they are nearly as requisite as poetry; they come opportunely wherever the object is persuasion or intimidation, and no less where delight stands foremost. In writing a letter I would neither seek nor reject one: but I think, if more than one came forward, I might decline its services. If however it had come in unawares, I would take no trouble to send it away. But we should accustom ourselves to think always with propriety, in little things as in great, and neither be too solicitous of our dress in the house, nor negligent because we are at home. I think it as improper and indecorous to write a stupid or a silly note to you, as one in a bad hand or on coarse paper. Familiarity ought to have another and worse name, when it relaxes in its attentiveness to please.

We began with metaphors, I will end with one . . Do not look back over the letter to see whether I have not already used my privilege of nomination, whether my one is not there. Take then a simily instead. It is a pity that they are often lamps which light nothing, and show only the nakedness of the walls they are nailed against.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Sophocles left me about an hour ago.

Hearing that he was with Pericles on business, I sent to request he would favor me with a visit when he was disengaged. After he had taken a seat, I entreated him to pardon me, expressing a regret that we hardly ever saw him, knowing as I did that no person could so ill withstand the regrets of the ladies. I added a hope that, as much for my sake as for the sake of Pericles, he would now and then steal an hour from the Muses in our behalf.

"Lady!" said he, "it would only be changing the place of assignation."

"I shall begin with you," said I, "just as if I had a right to be familiar, and desire of you to explain the meaning of a chorus in *King Edipus*, which, although I have redd the tragedy many times, and have never failed to be present at the representation, I do not quite comprehend."

I took up a volume from the table . . "No," said I, "this is *Electra*, my favorite: give me the other." We unrolled it together.

"Here it is: what is the meaning of these words about the *Laws?*"

He looked over them, first without opening his lips; then he redd them in a low voice to himself; and then, placing the palm of his left hand against his forehead,

"Well! I certainly did think I understood it at the time I wrote it."

Cleone! if you could see him you would fall in love with him. Fifteen olympiads have not quite run away with all his youth. What a noble presence! what an open countenance! what a brow! what a mouth! what a rich harmonious voice! what a heart, full of passion and of poetry!

REPLY OF PERICLES

To the accusation of Cleon.

There is a race of men, (and they appear to have led colonies into many lands,) whose courage is always in an inverse ration to their danger. There is also a race who deem that a benefit done to another is an injury done to them. Would you affront them, speak well of their friends; would

you deprive them of repose, labor and watch incessantly for their country.

Cleon! in all your experience, in all the territories you have visited, in all the cities and islands you have conquered for us, have you never met with any such people? And yet, O generous Cleon! I have heard it hinted that the observation is owing to you.

Were my life a private one, were my services done toward my friends alone, had my youth been exempt as yours hath been from difficulty and peril, I might never have displeased you; I might never have been cited to defend my character against the foulest of imputations. O Athenians! let me recal your attention to every word that Cleon has uttered. I know how difficult is the task, where so much dust is blown about by so much wind. The valorous Cleon has made your ears tingle and ring with Harmodius and Aristogiton. I am ignorant which of the two he would take for imitation, the handsomer or the braver. He stalks along with great bustle and magnificence, but he shows the dagger too plainly: he neglects to carry it in myrtle.

In your astonishment at this sudden procedure,

there are doubtless many of you who are unable to comprehend the very title of the denunciation. Let me then tell you what it is.

Pericles, son of Xanthippus . . (may all Greece hear it! may every herald in every city proclaim it at every gate!) *Pericles, son of Xanthippus is accused of embezzling the publick money, collected, reserved, and set apart, for the building and decoration of the Parthenon. The accuser is Cleon, son of Cleæretus.*

The scribe has designated the father of our friend by this name, in letters very legible, otherwise I should have suspected it was the son of Cligenes, the parasite of the wealthy, the oppressor of the poor, the assailer of the virtuous, and the ridicule of all. Charges more substantial might surely be brought against me, and indeed were threatened. But never shall I repent of having, by my advice, a little decreased the revenues of the common-wealth, in lowering the price of admission to the theaters, and in offering to the more industrious citizens, out of the public treasury, the trifle requisite for this enjoyment. In the theater let them see before them the crimes and the calamities of Power, the vicissitudes of For-

tune, and the sophistries of the Passions. Let it be there, and there only, that the just man suffers, and that murmurs are heard against the dispensations of the gods.

But I am forgetting the accusation. Will Cleon do me the favor to inform you, in what place I have deposited, or in what manner I have spent, the money thus embezzled? Will Cleon tell you that I alone had the custody of it; or that I had any thing at all to do in the making up of the accounts? Will Cleon prove to you that I am now richer than I was thirty years ago, excepting in a portion of the spoil, won bravely by the armies you decreed I should command; such a portion as the laws allow, and the soldiers carry to their general with triumphant acclamations. Cleon has yet to learn all this; certainly his wealth is derived from no such sources; far other acclamations does Cleon court; those of the idle, the dissolute, the malignant, the cowardly, and the false. But if he seeks them in Athens, and not beyond, his party is small indeed, and your indignation will drown their voices. What need have I of pilfer and peculation? Am I avaricious? am I prodigal? Does the indigent citizen, does

the wounded soldier, come to my door and return unsatisfied? Point at me, Cleon! and tell your friends to mark that. Let them mark it; but for imitation, not for calumny. Let them hear, for they are idle enough, whence I possess the means of relieving the unfortunate, raising the dejected, and placing men of worth and genius (too often in that number!) where all their fellow citizens may distinguish them. My father died in my childhood; careful guardians superintended it, managing my affairs with honesty and diligence. The earliest of my ancestors, of whom any thing remarkable is recorded, was Cleisthenes, whom your forefathers named general with Solon, ordering them to conquer Cirrha. He devoted his portion of the spoils to the building of a portico. I never have heard that he came by night and robbed the laborers he had paid by day: perhaps Cleon has. He won afterward at the Olympian games: I never have ascertained that he bribed his adversaries. These actions are not in history nor in tradition: but Cleon no doubt has authorities that outvalue tradition and history. Some years afterward, Cleisthenes proclaimed his determination to give in marriage his daughter Agarista to

the worthiest man he could find, whether at home or abroad. It is pity that Cleon was not living in those days. Agarista and her father, in default of him, could hear of none worthier than Megacles, son of Alcmæon. Their riches all descended to me, and some perhaps of their better possessions. These at least, with Cleon's leave, I would retain; and as much of the other as may be serviceable to my friends, without being dangerous to the common-wealth.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Now we are quiet and at peace again, I wish you would look into your library for more pieces of poetry. To give you some provocation I will transcribe a few lines on the old subject, which like old fountains, is inexhaustible, while those of later discovery are in danger of being cut off at the first turn of the plough.

ERINNA TO LOVE.

1.

Who breathes to thee the holiest prayer,
O Love! is ever least thy care.

Alas! I may not ask thee why 'tis so . .
  Because a fiery scroll I see
  Hung at the throne of Destiny,
Reason with Love and register with Wo,

2.

  Few question thee, for thou art strong
  And, laughing loud at right and wrong,
Seizest, and dashest down, the rich, the poor;
  Thy sceptres iron stud's alike
  The meaner and the prouder strike,
And wise and simple fear thee and adore.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Among the poems of Sappho I find the following, but written in a different hand from the rest. It pleases me at least as much as any of them; if it is worse, I wish you would tell me in what it is so. How many thoughts might she have turned over and tossed away! Odious is the economy in preserving all the scraps of the intellect, and troublesome the idleness of tacking them together Sappho is fond of seizing as she runs on, the most prominent and inviting flowers: she never stops to cut and trim them: she throws twenty aside for one that she fixes in her bosom; and what is

more singular, her pleasure at their beauty seems never to arise from another's admiration of it. See it or not see it, there it is.

Sweet girls! upon whose breast that god descends
Whom first ye pray to come, and next to spare,
O tell me whither now his course he bends,
Tell me what hymn shall thither waft my prayer!
Alas! my voice and lyre alike he flies,
And only in my dreams, nor kindly then, replies.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Instead of expatiating on the merits of the verses you last sent me, or, on the other hand, of looking for any pleasure in taking them to pieces, I venture to hope you will be of my opinion, that these others are of equal authenticity. Neither do I remember them in the copy you possessed when we were together.

SAPPHO TO HESPERUS.

I.

I have beheld thee in the morning hour
A solitary star, with thankless eyes,
Ungrateful as I am! who bade thee rise
When sleep all night had wandered from my bower.

2.

Can it be true that thou art he
Who shinest now above the sea
Amidst a thousand but more bright?
Ah yes, the very same art thou
That heard me then, and hearest now . .
Thou seemest, star of love, to throb with light.

Sappho is not the only poetess who has poured forth her melodies to Hesperus, or who had reason to thank him. I much prefer these of her's to what appear to have been written by some confident man, and (no doubt) on a feigned occasion.

1.

Hesperus, hail! thy winking light
Best befriends the lover,
Whom the sadder Moon for spite
Gladly would discover.

2.

Thou art fairer far than she,
Fairer far, and chaster:
She may guess who smiled on me,
I know who embraced her.

3.

Pan of Arcady . . 'twas Pan,
In the tamarisk-bushes . .
Bid her tell thee, if she can,
Where were then her blushes.

4.

And, were I inclined to tattle,
I could name a second,
Whom asleep with sleeping cattle
To her cave she beckon'd.

5.

Hesperus, hail! thy friendly ray
Watches o'er the lover,
Lest the nodding leaves betray,
Lest the Moon discover.

6.

Phryne heard my kisses given
Acte's rival bosom . .
Twas the buds, I swore by heaven,
Bursting into blossom.

6.

What she heard, and half espied
By the gleam, she doubted,
And with arms uplifted, cried
How they must have sprouted!

8.

Hesperus, hail again! thy light
Best befriends the lover,
Whom the sadder Moon for spite
Gladly would discover.

The old poets are contented with narrow couches: but these couches are not stuffed with chaff which lasts only for one season. They do not talk to us from them when they are half-asleep

but think it more amusing to entertain us in our short visit with lively thoughts and fancies, than to enrich us with a paternal prolixity of studied and stored up meditations.

PERICLES TO ALCIBIADES.

My Alcibiades, if I did not know your good temper from a whole life's experience, I should be afraid of displeasing you by repeating what I have heard. This is that you pronounce, in publick as well as in private, a few words somewhat differently from our custom. You cannot be aware how much hostility you may excite against you by such a practice. Remember, we are Athenians; and do not let us believe that we have finer organs, quicker perceptions, or more discrimination, than our neighbours. Every time we pronounce a word differently from another, we show or disapprobation of his manner, and accuse him of rusticity. In all common things we must do as others do. It is more barbarous to undermine the stability of a language than of an edifice that hath stood as long. This is done by the introduction of changes.

Write as others do, but only as the best of others: and if one eloquent man, forty or fifty years ago, spoke and wrote differently from the generality of the present, follow him, although alone, rather than the many. But in pronunciation we are not indulged in this latitude of choice; we must pronounce as those do who favor us with their audience. Never hazard a new expression in publick: I know not any liberty we can take, even with our nearest friends, more liable to the censure of vanity. Whatever we do we must do from authority or from analogy. A young man, however studious and intelligent, can know, intrinsically and profoundly, but little of the writers who constitute authority. For my part, in this our country, where letters are far more advanced than in any other, I can name no one whatever who has followed up to their origin the derivation of words, or studied with much success their analogy. I do not, I confess, use all the words that others do, but I never use one that others do not. Remember, one great writer may have employed a word which a greater has avoided, or, not having avoided it, may have employed in a somewhat different signification. It would be

needless to offer you these remarks, if our language were subject to the capriciousness of courts, the humiliation of sycophants, and the defilement of slaves. Another may suffer but little detriment by the admission of barbarism to its franchises; but ours is attick, and the words, like the citizens we employ, should at once be popular and select.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

The poetical merits of the unhappy Lesbin are sufficiently well-known. Thanks, and more than thanks, if indeed there is any thing more on earth, are due for even one scrap from thee. But allow me, what is no great delicacy or delight to me, a reprehension, a censure. An admirer can make room for it only when it comes from an admirer. Sappho, in the most celebrated of her Odes, tells us that she sweats profusely. Now surely no female, however low-born and ill-bred, in short, however Eolian, could without indecorousness speak of sweating and spitting, or any such things. We never ought to utter, in relation to ourselves, what we should be ashamed of being seen in.

Writing of war and contention, such an expression is unobjectionable. To avoid it by circumlocution, or by another word less expressive and direct, would be the most contemptible and ludicrous of pedantry: and, were it anywhere reduced to practice in the conversation of ordinary life, it would manifestly designate a coarse-grained unpolishable people. There is nothing in poetry, or indeed in society, so unpleasant as affectation. In poetry it arises from a deficiency of power and a restlessness of pretension; in conversation, from insensibility to the Graces, from an intercourse with bad company, and a misinterpretation of better.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

You desire to know what portion of history it is the intention of Thucydides to undertake. He began with the earlier settlers of Greece, but he has now resolved to employ this section as merely the portico to his edifice. The Peloponesian war appears to him worthier of the historian than any other. He is of opinion that it must continue for

many years and comprehend many important events, for Pericles is resolved to wear out the energy of the Spartans by protracting it. At present it has been carried on but few months, with little advantage to either side, and much distress to both. What our historian has read to us does not contain any part of these transactions, which however he carefully notes down as they occur. We were much amused by a speech he selected for recitation, as one delivered by an orator of the Corinthians to the Ephors of Lacedæmon, urging the justice and necessity of hostilities. Never was the Athenian character painted in such true and lively colours. In composition his characteristick is brevity, yet the first sentence of the volume runs into superfluity. The words, to the best of my recollection, are these.

"Thucydides of Athens has composed a history of the war between the Peloponesians and Athenians."

This is enough; yet he adds,

"As conducted by each of the belligerants."

Of course: it could not be conducted by one only.

I observed that in the fourth sentence he went from the third person to the first.

By what I could collect, he thinks the Peloponesian war more momentous than the Persian: yet, had Xerxes prevailed against us, not a vestige would be existing of liberty or civilisation in the world. If Sparta should, there will be little enough, and a road will be thrown open to the barbarians of the north, Macedonians and others with strange names. We have no great reason to fear it, although the policy of Thebes, on whom much depends, is ungenerous and unwise.

He said moreover, that "transactions of an earlier time are known imperfectly, and were of small importance either in the wars or any thing else."

Yet without these wars, or some other of these transactions, our Miletus and Athens, our Pericles and Thucydides, would not be; so much does one thing depend upon another. I am little disposed to over-value the potency and importance of the eastern monarchies; but surely there is enough to excite our curiosity, and interest our inquiries, in the fall of Chaldea, the rise of Babylon, and the mysteries of Egypt . . not indeed her mysteries in

theology, which are impostures there as elsewhere, but the mysteries in arts and sciences, which will outlive the gods. Barbarians do not hold steddily before us any moral or political lesson; but they serve as graven images, protuberantly eminent and gorgeously uncouth, to support the lamp placed on them by History and Philosophy. If we knew only what they said and did, we should turn away with horror and disgust: but we pound their mummies to color our narratives; and we make them as useful in history as beasts are in fable.

Thucydides shows evidently, by his preliminary observations, that he considers the Trojan war unimportant. Yet according to Homer, the Grecian troops amounted to above a hundred thousand. In reality, so large a force hath never been assembled in any naval expedition, nor even one half. How was it provisioned at Aulis? how, on the shores of the Troad? And all these soldiers, with chariots and horses, were embarked for Troy, a few years after the first ship of war left the shores of Greece! yes, a very few years indeed; for the Argo had among her crew the brothers of Helen, who cannot well be supposed to have been ten years older than herself. It is of rare occurrence,

even in the climate of Sparta, that a mother bears children after so long an interval; and we have no reason to believe that such a time had elapsed between the brothers and their sister. Suppose the twins to have been twenty-two years old (for they had become celebrated for horsemanship and boxing) and Helen seventeen, for her daughter was an infant, (and such beauty must have been sought early in marriage,) you will find little space left between the expeditions.

But away with calculation. We make a bad bargain when we change poetry for truth in the affairs of ancient times, and by no means a good one in any.

Remarkable men of remote ages are collected together out of different countries within the same period, and perform simultaneously the same action. On an accumulation of obscure deeds arises a wild spirit of poetry; and images and names burst forth and spread themselves, which carry with them something like enchantment far beyond the infancy of nations. What was vague imagination settles, at last, and is received for history. It is difficult to effect and idle to attempt the separation: it is like breaking off a beautiful crystallization from

the vault of some intricate and twilight cavern, out of mere curiosity to see where the accretion terminates and the rock begins.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

We have lost another poet, and have none left, besides the comick. Euripides is gone to the court of Archelaus. A very few years ago he gained the prize against all competitors. He was hailed by the people as a deliverer, for subverting the ascendency and dominion which Sophocles had acquired over them. The Athenians do not like to trust any man with power for life. Sophocles is now an old man, sixty years of age at least, and he had then been absolute in the theater for above a quarter of a century. What enthusiasm! what acclamations! for overthrowing the despot who had so often made them weep and beat their breasts. He came to visit us on the day of his defeat: Euripides was with us at the time.

"Euripides," said he, "we are here alone, excepting our friends Aspasia and Pericles. I must embrace you, now it cannot seem an act of ostentation."

He did so, and most cordially.

"I should be glad to have conquered you," continued he; "it would have been very glorious."

I never saw Pericles more moved. These are the actions that shake his whole frame, and make his eyes glisten. Euripides was less affected. He writes tenderly, but is not tender. There are hearts that call for imagination; there are others that create it.

I must abstain from all reflections that fall too darkly on the departed. We may see him no more perhaps: I am sorry for it. He did not come often to visit us, nor indeed is there any thing in his conversation to delight or interest me. He has not the fine manners of Sophocles; nor the open unreserved air, which Pericles tells me he admired so much in the soldierly and somewhat proud Eschylus; grave and taciturn, I hear, like himself, unless when something pleased him; and then giving way to ebullitions and bursts of rapture, and filling every one with it round about.

The movers and masters of our souls have surely a right to throw out their limbs as carelessly as they please, on the world that belongs to them, and before the creatures they have ani-

mated. It is only such insects as petty autocrates, that feel opprest by it, and would sting them for it. Pericles is made of the same clay. He cannot quite overcome his stateliness, but he bends the more gracefully for bending slowly.

When I think of Euripides, I think how short a time it is since he was hailed as a deliverer: and how odious he is become, for breaking in upon our affections at an unreasonable hour, and for carrying our hearts into captivity. All the writers of the day were resolved to humble him, and ran about from magistrate to magistrate, to raise money enough for the magnificent representation of his rival.. I have forgotten the man's name. Pericles never thwarts the passions and prejudices of the citizens. In his adolescence he visited the humble habitation of the venerable Eschylus; throughout life he has been the friend of Sophocles: he has comforted Euripides in his defeats, telling him that by degrees he would teach the people to be better judges: he rejoiced with him on his first victory, reminding him of his prophecy, and remarking that they two, of all the Athenians, had shown the most patience and had been the best rewarded for it.

We hope he may return.

FIRST SPEECH OF PERICLES TO THE ATHENIANS,

On the Declarations of Corinth and Lacedæmon.

The Regency at Lacedæmon has resolved to make an irruption into Attica, if we attempt any thing adverse to Potidæa, hearing that on the declaration of hostilities by Corinth, we ordered the Potidæans, whose infidelity we had detected, to demolish the wall facing Pallene. In reliance on their treason, Perdiccas and the Corinthians had entered into confederacy, and were exciting the defection of our Thracian auxiliaries. Perdiccas prevailed with the Chalcidians to dismantle all their towns upon the seaside, and to congregate in Olynthus. We made a truce, and afterwards a treaty, with Perdiccas: he evacuates the territory he had invaded; we strictly beleaguer the revolted Potidæa. The ephors of Lacedæmon now summon to appear before them not only their allies, but whosoever has any complaint to prefer against the Athenians. Hereupon the Megareans come forward, and protest that they have been prohibited from our markets, contrary to treaty; and what is worse, that we exclude them from the possession of Potidæa, so convenient for ex-

tending their power and authority into Thrace. They appear, in their long oration, to have forgotten nothing, unless that they had murdered our citizens and embassadors.

By what right, O Athenians, is Lacedæmon our judge! Corinth may impell her into war against us; but Corinth can never place her on the judgment-seat of Greece; nor shall their united voices make us answer to the citation. We will declare not to her but to all, our reasons and our rights. The Corcyreans had erected a trophy at Leucimna, and had spared after the victory their Corinthian captives: they had laid waste the territory of Leucas and they had burnt the arsenal of Cyllene. Meanwhile the Corinthians sent embassadors to every power in the Peloponese, and enlisted mariners for their service upon every coast. If valour and skill and constancy could have availed the Corcyreans, they would have continued to abstain, as they have ever done, from all alliances. They only sought ours when destruction was imminent; knowing that, in policy and humanity, we never could allow the extinction of one Grecian state, nor consequently the aggrandisement and preponderance of another; and least so when the

insolence of Corinth had threatened our naval ascendancy, (by which all Greece was saved,) and the rivalry of Lacedæmon our equality on land. By our treaty with the Lacedamonians it is provided that, if any community be not in alliance with one of the parties, it may confederate with either, at its discretion; and this compact it was agreed should be binding not only on the principals but likewise on the subordinates. In such a predicament stands Corcyra.

It might behove us to chastise the inhumanity of a nation which, like Corinth, would devour her own offspring; but it certainly is most just and most expedient, when, instead of reasoning or conferring with us on the propriety of our interference, she runs at once to Sparta, conspiring with her to our degradation, and, if possible, to our ruin. Satisfactorily to demonstrate our justice and moderation, I advise that we stipulate with Corcyra for mutual defence, never for aggression, and admitting no article which, even by a forced interpretation, may contravene our treaty with Lacedæmon.

SECOND SPEECH OF PERICLES.

The jealousy that Sparta hath ever entertained against us, was declared most flagrantly, when Leotychides, who commanded the Grecian forces at Mycale, drew away with him all the confederates of the Peloponese. We continued to assail the barbarians until we drove them from Sestos, their last hold upon the Hellespont. It was then, and then only, that the Athenians, brought back again from miserable refuge their wives and children, and began to rebuild their habitations, and walls for their defence. Did the Spartans view this constancy and perseverance with admiration and with pity, as the patriotick, the generous, the humane, would do? Did they send embassadors to congratulate your fathers on their valour, their endurance, their prosperous return, their ultimate security? Embassadors they sent, indeed, but insisting that our walls should never rise again from their ruins. A proposal so unjust and arrogant we treated with scorn and indignation, when our numbers were diminished and our wealth exhausted; shall we bend to their decisions and obey their orders now? If

their power of injuring us were in proportion to their malice, their valour to their pride, or their judgment to their ferocity, then were they most formidable indeed: but turn we to the examination of facts. Having occasion to reduce to obedience a few revolted Helotes in the city of Ithome, to whom did they apply? to the Athenians; for they themselves were utterly ignorant how to attack or even to approach a fortress. Even then they showed their jealousy, rewarding our promptitude to assist them by the ignominious dismissal of our troops. What was the consequence? a ten years siege. And these, O Athenians! are the men who now threaten the Acropolis and Piræus!

I can compare the Lacedæmonians to nothing more fitly than to the heads of spears without the shafts. There would be abundantly the power of doing mischief, were there only the means and method of directing it. Where these are wanting, we have no better cause for apprehension than at the sparks of fire under our horse's hoof, lest they produce a conflagration; which indeed they might do, if by their nature they were durable and directable.

Let us see what powerful aid our enemies are

expecting; what confederates they are stirring up against us. The Megareans, who left their alliance for ours; the Megareans, whom we defended against the Corinthians, and whose walls we constructed at our own expense from Megara to Nisæa. Is it on the constancy or on the gratitude of this people that Lacedæmon in her wisdom so confidently relies? No sooner had we landed in Eubæa, than intelligence was brought us that the Peloponesians were about to make an incursion into Attica, that the Athenian garrison was murdered by the Megareans, who already had formed a junction with the Corinthians, Sicyonians, and Epidaurians. We sailed homeward, and discomfited the Peloponesians; returned, and reduced Eubæa. A truce for thirty years was granted to Lacedæmon, restoring to her Nisæa, Calchis, Pegæ, and Trazene. Five years afterwards a war broke out between the Samians and Miletus. Justice and our treaties obliged us to rescue that faithful and unfortunate city from the two-fold calamity that impended over her. Many of the Samians were as earnest in imploring our assistance as the Milesians were: for, whatever might be the event of the war, they were sure of

being reduced to subjection; if conquered, by a wronged and exasperated enemy; if conquerors, by the king. A rapacious and insolent oligarchy saw no other means of retaining its usurped authority, than by extending it with rigour, and were conscious that it must fall from under them unless the sceptre propt it. Honest men will never seek such aid, and free men will never endure such.

There may be nations, monarchal and aristocratical, where the publick good is little thought of, and often impeded by restless steps toward personal or family aggrandisement. But there is no man, even among these, so barbarous and inhumane, as to be indifferent to the approbation of some one in his city, beloved above all the rest, from whom the happy rush forward for admiration, the less fortunate are gratified with a tear: life, they would tell us, is well lost for either. We Athenians have loftier views, and, I will not say purer, but the same and more ardent aspirations.

In the late brief war, the greater part of you here present have won immortal glory: and let us not believe that those who fell from your ranks in battle are yet insensible to the admiration and

the gratitude of their countrymen. No one among us, whatever services he may have rendered to Athens has received such praises, such benedictions, such imperishable rewards, as they have. Happy men! they are beyond the reach of calumny and reverses. There is only one sad reflection resting with them: they can serve their country no more. How high was the value of their lives! they knew it, and bartered them for renown. We, in this war unjustly waged against us, shall be exposed to fewer dangers, but more privations. In the endurance of these, our manliness will be put severely to the proof, and virtues which have not been called forth in fifty years, virtues which our enemies seem to have forgotten that we possess, must again come into action, as if under the eyes of a Themistocles and an Aristides. We have all done much; but we have all done less than we can do, ought to do, and will do.

Archidamus, king of Sparta, now about to march against us, is bound to me by the laws of hospitality. Should he, whether in remembrance of these, or in the design of rendering me suspected, abstain from inflicting on my possessions the violence he is about to inflict on the rest of Attica, let it be

understood that henceforth I have no private property in this land, but, in the presence of the gods, make a free donation of it to the commonwealth. Let all withdraw their cattle, corn, and other effects, from the country, and hold Athens as one great citadel, from which the Deity, who presides over her, hath forbidden us to descend.

ORATION OF PERICLES,

On the approach of the Lacedæmonians to Athens.

Long ago, and lately, and in every age intervening, O Athenians! have you experienced the jealousy and insolence of Lacedæmon. She listens now to the complaints of Corinth, because the people of Corcyra will endure no longer her vexations, and because their navy, in which the greater part of the mariners have fought and conquered by the side of ours, seek refuge in the Piræus. A little while ago she dared to insist that we should admit the ships of Megara to our harbour, her merchandize to our markets, when Megara had broken her faith with us, and gone over to the Spartans. Even this indignity we might perhaps

have endured. We told the Lacedæmonians that we would admit the Megarians to that privilege, if the ports of Sparta would admit us and our allies; although we and our allies were never in such relationship with her, and therefore could never have fallen off from her. She disdained to listen to a proposal so reasonable, to a concession so little to be expected from us. Resolved to pove to her that generosity, and not fear, dictated it, we chastised the perfidious Megara.

The king of the Lacedæmonians, Archidamus, a wiser and honester man than any of his people, is forced to obey the passions he would control; and an army of sixty thousand men is marching under his command to ravage Attica. The braver will rather burn their harvests than transfer to a sanguinary and insatiable enemy the means of inflicting evil on their relatives and friends. Few, I trust, are base enough, sacrilegious enough, to treat as guests, those whom you, before men and gods, denounce as enemies. We will receive within our walls the firm and faithful. And now let those orators who have blamed our expenditure in the fortification of the city, tell us again that it was improvident. They would be flying in dis-

may had not those bulwarks been raised effectually. Did it require any sagacity to foresee that Athens would be the envy of every state around? Was there any man so ignorant as not to know that he who has lost all his enemies will soon lose all his energy? and that men are no more men when they cease to act, than rivers are rivers when they cease to run? The forces of our assailants must be broken against our walls. Our fleets are our farms henceforward, until the Spartans find that, if they can subsist on little, they cannot so well subsist on stones and ashes. Their forces are vast; but vast forces have never much hurt us. Marathon and Platæa were scarcely wide enough for our trophies: a victorious army, an unvanquished fleet, Miltiades himself, retired unsuccessful from the rock of Paros. Shall we tremble then before a tumultuous multitude, ignorant how cities are defended or assailed? Shall we prevent them from coming to their discomfiture and destruction? Firmly do I believe that the Protectress of our city leads them against it to avenge her cause. They may ravage the lands; they cannot cultivate, they cannot hold them. Mischief they will do, and great; much of our time, much of our patience, much of our perseverance, and

something of our courage, are required. At present I do not number this event among our happiest. We must owe our glory partly to ourselves and partly to our enemies. They offer us the means of greatness; let us accept the offer. Brief danger is the price of long security. The countryman, from the mists of the morning, not only foretells the brightness of the day, but discerns in them sources of fertility; and he remembers in his supplications to the immortal gods to thank them alike for both blessings. It is thus, O men of Athens, that you have constantly looked up at calamities. Never have they depressed you: always have they chastened your hearts, always have they exalted your courage. Impelled by the breath of Xerxes, the locusts of Asia consumed your harvests: your habitations crumbled away as they swarmed along: the temples of the gods lay prostrate: the gods themselves bowed and fell: the men of Athens rose higher than ever. They had turned their faces in grief from the scene of devastation and impiety; but they listened to a provident valour, and the myriads of insects that had plagued them were consumed.

There is affront in exhortation . . I have spoken.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

On the shore overlooking the fountain of Arethusa there is a statue of Eschylus. An Athenian who went to visit it, crowned it with bay and ivy, and wrote these verses at the base.

Stranger! Athenian hands adorn
  A bard thou knowest well.
Ah! do not ask where he was born,
  For we must blush to tell.

Proud are we, but we place no pride
  On good, or wise, or brave;
Hence what Cephisus had denied
  'Twas Arethusa gave

You remember the story of a barbarous king, who would have kept the Muses in captivity. His armoury furnished an enemy of the poet Lysis with these materials for skirmishing.

TO LYSIS.

A curse upon the king of old
  Who would have kidnapt all the Muses!
Whether to barter them for gold
  Or keep them for his proper uses.

Lysis! aware he meant them ill,
  Birds they became, and flew away . .
Thy Muse alone continues still
  A titmouse to this very day.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

After an interval of nearly three years, Comedy may re-appear on the stage. It is reported that Pericles obtained this indulgence from the archons; and in consequence of it, he is now represented by the dramatists as a Jupiter, who lightens and thunders, and what not. Before he became a Jupiter, I believe he was represented as the enemy of that God, and most of the others; and the people, having no publick amusement, no diversion to carry off their ill-humours, listened gloomily to such discourses. Pericles noted it, and turned them into their fold again, and had them piped to; but not before the fly entered the fleece.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Twenty days, O Cleone, twenty days are not elapsed, since Anaxagoras told me that he was about to leave Attica for the Propontis. I urged him to alter his resolution. He affirmed that his presence in the house of Pericles had brought a

cloud over it, which would only disappear by his absence. "Of late," said he, "I have received so much kindness from the philosophers, that I begin to suspect a change of fortune, by no means in my favour. I must fly while the weather is temperate as swallows do."

He mixes not with the people, he converses with none of them, and yet he appears to have penetrated into the deepest and darkest recesses of their souls.

Pericles has lost their favour; Anaxagoras is banished; Aspasia.. but what is Aspasia? Yours; and therefore you must hear about her.

We have all been accused of impiety; Anaxagoras and myself have been brought to trial for the offence. Diopithes is the name of our accuser. He began with Anaxagoras; and having proved by three witnesses that he in their hearing had declared his opinion, that lightning and thunder were the effect of some combustion and concussion in the clouds, and that they often happened when Jupiter was in perfectly good humour, and not thinking at all about the Athenians, there was instantly such a rage and consternation in the whole assembly, that the judges were called upon

from every quarter to condemn him for impiety; sentence, death.

Pericles rose. He for the first time in his life was silenced by the clamorous indignation of the people. All parties, all classes, men, women, children, priests, sailors, tavern-keepers, diviners, slave-merchants, threatened, raved, foamed.

"Pericles! you yourself will soon be cited before this august tribunal," said Diopithes. The clamour now began to subside. Curiosity, wonder, apprehension of consequences, divided the assembly; and, when Pericles lifted up his arm, the agitation, the murmurs, and the whispers, ceased.

"O men of Athens!" said he calmly, "I wish it had pleased the gods that the vengeance of Diopithes had taken its first aim against me, whom you have heard so often, known so long, and trusted so implicitly. But Diopithes hath skulked from his ambush and seized upon the unsuspecting Anaxagoras, in the hope that, few knowing him, few can love him. The calculation of Diopithes is correct: they who love him are but those few. They however who esteem and reverence him can only be numbered by him who possesses a

register of all the wise and all the virtuous men in Greece."

Anaxagoras stept forward, saying,

"You, O Athenians! want defenders, and will want them more; I look for protection to no mortal arm; I look for it to that divine power, the existence of which my accuser tells you I deny."

"He shirks the thunder," said one.

"He sticks to the blind side of Jupiter," said another.

Such were the observations of the pious and malicious, who thought to expiate all their sins by throwing them on his shoulders, and driving him out of the city. He was condemned by a majority of voices. Pericles followed him through the gates, beyond the fury of his persecutors.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Three days after the banishment of Anaxagoras, the threat of Diopithes was carried into effect; not against the person of Pericles, but against

your Aspasia. Diopithes had himself denounced me, on the same count as Anaxagoras: and Hermippus, whose entire life has been (they tell me) one sluggish stream of gross impurities, impeached me as a corruptress of the publick morals.

You will imagine, my Cleone, that something loose and lascivious was brought forward in accusation against me. No such thing. Nothing of the kind is considered as having any concern with publick morals here in Athens. My crime was, seducing young men from their parents and friends; retaining them in conversation at our house; encouraging them to study the sciences in preference to the machinations of Sophists; to leave the declaimers an empty room for the benefit of their voices, and to adhere more closely to logick before they venture upon rhetorick.

You will now perceive, that all who have the most interest and the most exercise in the various artifices of deception, were my enemies. I feared lest Pericles should run farther into the danger of losing his popularity, by undertaking my defence, and resolved to be my own pleader. The hour had been appointed for opening the trial: I told him it was one hour later. When it was nearly

at hand, I went out of the house unobserved, and took my place before the assembly of the people. My words were these.

"If any of the accusations brought against me were well-founded, they would have been known to Pericles. It would be strange were he indifferent to any offence of mine against the laws, especially such as you accuse me of, unless he is, as the accusation would imply, insensible to honour, propriety, and decency. Is this his character? He never has had an enemy bold and false enough to say it: I wonder at this; yet he never has."

The people, who had been silent, now began to favor me, when Diopithes asked me, whether I could deny my conversations with Anaxagoras, and my adherence to his tenets.

Love of truth, pity for Anaxagoras, and pride (it may be) in the strength of mind he had given me, and in the rejection of unworthy notions on the gods, urged me to say,

"I deny no conversation I ever had with him, no tenet I ever received, no duty I ever learnt from him. He taught me veneration for the gods; and I pray them to render me grateful for it."

Pericles at this moment stood at my side. In-

dignation that he should have followed Anaxagoras out of the gates, and should have embraced him affectionately at parting, turned many furious faces, furious cries, and furious gestures against him. He looked round disdainfully, and said aloud,

"Respect the laws and the unfortunate, you who revere the gods!

"It was not the condemned man I followed out of the city; it was age, which would have sunk under blows; it was rectitude, which feared not death; it was friendship, which if I cannot make you esteem, I will not implore you to pardon.

"At last, O Athenians! my enemies and yours have persuaded you to assemble in this place, and to witness the humiliation and affliction of one who never failed to succour the unfortunate, and who has been the solace of my existence many years. Am I, of all in Athens, the man who should mistake crimes for virtues: the man pointed out from among the rest as the most insensible to his dignity? How widely then have you erred in calling me to your counsels! how long, how wilfully, how pertinaciously! Is it not easier to believe that two or three are mistaken now, than

that you all, together with your fathers and best friends, whose natal days and days of departure from us, you still keep holy, have been always so?"

Hermippus and Diopithes, seeing that many were moved, interrupted him furiously.

"O Pericles!" cried Hermippus. "we are aware that this woman of Ionia, this Milesian, this Aspasia, entertains the same opinions as yourself."

"Highly criminal!" answered Pericles, with a smile; "I hope no other Athenian is cursed with a wife liable to so grievous an accusation."

"Scoffer!" cried Diopithes; "dare you deny that in the summer of this very year, when you were sailing to lay waste the costs of the Peloponese, you attempted to pervert the religion of the sailors? The sun was suddenly bedimmed: darkness came over the sea, as far even as unto our city! the pilot fell upon his face and prayed: and did not you, O Pericles! raise him up with one hand, and, throwing your mantle over his eyes with the other, ask whether he found any thing dreadful in it? And when he answered in his piety, 'It is not *that*,' did not you reply,

"'The other darkness is no otherwise different

than in its greater extent, and produced by somewhat larger than my mantle?'"

"Proceed to interrogate," said Pericles.

"Answer that first, O sacrilegious man!" exclaimed Diopithes.

"Athenians!" said Pericles, "many of you here present were with me in the expedition. Do assure Diopithes that it was not my mantle which darkened the sea and sun, that to your certain knowledge both sun and sea were dark before I took it off. So that the gods, if they were angry at all, were angry earlier in the day. And not only did the sun shine out again, bright and serene as ever, but the winds were favorable, the voyage prosperous, the expedition successful.

"It appears to me that the gods are the most angry when they permit the malicious and the false to prevail over the generous and simple-hearted; when they permit the best affections to be violated, and the worst to rise up in disorder to our ruin. Nor do I believe that they are very well pleased at hearing their actions and motives called in question; or at winks and intimations that they want discernment to find out offenders, and power and justice to punish them."

"In spite of philosophers," crid Diopithes, "we have still our gods in Athens."

"And our men too," replied he, "or these before me must only be the shadows of those who, but lately under my command, won eternal renown in Samos."

Tears rose into his eyes: they were for me; but he said in a low voice, audible however in the silence that had succeeded to a loud and almost universal acclamation,

"At least for our lost comrades a few tears are not forbidden us."

The people struck their breasts: the judges unanimously acquitted me, surrounded Pericles, and followed us home with enthusiastical congratulations.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Never did our house receive so many visitors as on my acquittal. Not only our friends and acquaintances, but every one who had fought under Pericles, came forward to offer his felicitations and his services. I was forgotten . . the danger, the insult, seemed his. When they had

all retired to dinner, he too left me with my musick, and I did not see him again until late the next morning. It was evident he had slept but little. He came up to me, and pressing my hand, said,

"Aspasia! I have gained a great victory; the greatest, the most glorious, and the only one not subject to a reverse."

I thought his words related to his defence of me: I was mistaken.

"It was yesterday, for the first time," said he, "that I knew the extent of my power. I could have demolished the houses of my adversaries; I could have exiled them from the city; I could have been their master: I am more; I am my own.

"Great injuries create great power: no feeble virtues are necessary to its rejection. In polity," continued he, "the humble may rise, but not the fallen. States live but once. Had I no Aspasia, no children, I am ignorant what support I could have found against the impulses of ambition. Many who seize upon kingly power, are the more desirous of possessing it because they have sons to succeed them. Imprudent men! they expose those sons to infinite dangers, and create no new

advantages for them. If they provided for their security, they would abdicate their power, when about to be taken away by death from those over whom they exercised it. If they provided for their glory, they would not subject them to the reproach, always merited, of possessing less activity and sagacity than their father. Do they care about their wisdom or their virtue? they will not cast them among idlers and sycophants, nor abandon them in a solitary island, where many sing and none discourse. What life is wretcheder? what state more abject?"

"Yours, my dear Pericles!" said I, "is far happier, but by no means enviable."

"True!" answered he: "I am subject to threats, curses, denunciations, ostracism, and hemlock: but I glory in the glory of the state, and I know that I can maintain it."

I was listening with attention, when he said to me with an air of playfulness,

"Am I not a boaster? am I not proud of my command? am I not over-fond of it, when I am resolved not to transmit it hereditarily to another?"

"Rightly judged! dear Pericles!" said I: "you always act judiciously and kindly."

"Political men, like goats," continued he, "usually thrive best among inequalities. I have chosen the meadow; and not on the whole imprudently. My life has been employed in making it more pleasurable, more even, more productive. The shepherds have often quarrelled with me; and but now the sheep too, in their wisdom, turned their heads against me."

We went into the air, and saw Alcibiades walking in the garden. He, not observing us, strode along rapidly, striking with his cane every tree in the alley. When we came up nearer, he was repeating,

"The fanatical knaves! I would knock the heads off all their Mercuries.

"Noisy demagogues! I would lead them into the midst of the enemy . . I would drag them on by the ears . . not fifty should return. *They*, in their audacity, impeach Aspasia! *they* bring tears into the eyes of Pericles! I will bring more into theirs, by holy Jupiter!"

He started at our approach. My husband laid his hands upon the youth's shoulder, and said to him,

"But, Alcibiades! if you do not lead fifty back, where will you leave the captives?"

He sprang to the neck of his uncle, and turning his face toward me, blushed, and whispered,

"Did she too hear me?"

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

I would not disturb you, my beloved Pericles! but let not any thing else! Why are you so busy now the danger is over? why do so many come to you, with countenances so earnest when they enter, and so different from composed when they go away? You never break your resolutions, otherwise I should fear they might lead you above the place of fellow-citizen. Then farewell happiness, farewell manliness, security, sincerity, affection, honour!

O Pericles! descend from the car of Victory on the course itself. In abandoning power and station, what do you abandon but inquietude and ingratitude?

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

We never alight from a carriage while it is going down a hill, but always at the top or at the bottom. There is less danger in being shaken out than there is in leaping out.

Were I at this juncture to abdicate my authority, I should appear to the people to confess a fault, and to myself to commit one.

I must defend those who would have defended me. Rely on my firmness in all things; on Pericles, one, immutable.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Alcibiades will one time or other bring us all into peril by his recklessness and precipitation.

When he heard I was arraigned, and Pericles threatened, he ran from house to house among the officers of the army, embraced them, knelt before them, adjured them to save their general from ignominy, his wife from insult, the city from mourning, and themselves from inactivity. He swore that if they would not, he would: that two

thousand of the same age, or rather older, would join him and obey him, and that he would throw judges, accusers, applauders, listeners, over the Piræus. Not a soldier did he pass without a kiss, without a pressure of the hand, without a promise; not a girl in Athens that was not his sister, not a matron that was not his mother.

Within an hour, in every part of the city there were cries,

"The Lacedæmonians have none of these rogues among them."

"No accusers there: no judges there."

"Archidamus is wise; Pericles is wiser: shall the one be a king, the other a culprit?"

"Shall his war-horse," cried a soldier, "carry paniers?"

"Fore-foot and hind-foot, say I," cried another, "against these market-place swine, these black-muzzled asses!"

"Out upon them! what have they won for us?" cried another.

"And what have we not won for them?" roared the next.

"What was all the stir about?" asked one more quiet. "They dared to accuse our General

of denying their dues to the gods. Liars! he gives every man his due." A laugh arose. "No laughing here! I uphold it, we soldiers can take as good care of the gods as they can. Who believes they ever were in danger? Pericles might have cracked them by the dozen: he has left them all standing; not a head missing. Save him, comrades, from the cowards, the poisoners."

On all sides of the city the soldiers ran to their officers, and then toward the house of Pericles. It was with difficulty he could dissuade them from their resolution, to confer upon him the same authority and station as Archidamus holds among the Spartans.

"We shall then meet the enemy upon equal terms," said they; "aye, more than equal; affability for moroseness, liberality for parsimony."

The greater part of the citizens would have followed; the turbulent for change, the peaceable for tranquillity.

My husband has allayed the tempest: his ambition is higher. Nothing can be taken from the name of Pericles, and what is added to it must be of baser metal.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

What but the late outrages, or rather, what but the ascendancy you have obtained in consequence, could have brought the aristocratical party to offer you their services, in helping to keep down the ferocity of the populace? It might indeed be well to unite them, were it possible; but not being possible, I would rather place the more confidence in the less ignorant and turbulent.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Aspasia! as you are cautious not to look earnestly at a handsome man, but rather turn your eyes another way, so must I do in regard to Aristocracy. It is not proper that I should discover any charms in her.

Among the losses I sustained by the flight of youth, I ought to regret my vanity. I had not enough of it for a robe, but I had enough for a vest; enough to keep me warm and comfortable. Not a remnant have I now. Why be ashamed of our worthy party? Did I espouse it for its vir-

tues? Was it ever in high repute for its fidelity? What is it to me whether a couple or two of housed pards bite one another's tails off or not, excepting that they lie down the quieter for it afterward? They have still heads and necks to be led along by. We have only to walk up to them firmly, to look at them steadily, speak to them boldly, lay the hand upon them confidently, as their masters, and grasp them with a tenacity that neither relaxes nor hurts. He who does this, and there are some who can do it, may go forth and catch other beasts with them, and feast all his friends in the city.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

There is irritation in your irony, O Pericles! your spirit is not at rest. Unworthily, for the first time since I knew you, have you thought and spoken! *Thought!* no, Pericles! passion is not thought. Contumely has produced this bitterness; it left you with the words.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Aspasia! you have looked into my heart, and purified it. Your indignities sometimes rise up before me; and it is only when I am prompted to do wrong by others, that I recover all my firmness. Athens has a right to my solicitude and devotion. I will forget no favour she has ever shown me, and remember no enmity.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

When the war is over, as surely it must be in another year, let us sail among the islands of the Egæan, and be young as ever. O that it were permitted us to pass together the remainder of our lives in privacy and retirement! This is never to be hoped for in Athens.

I inherit from my mother a small yet beautiful house in Tenos: I remember it well. Water, clear and cold, ran before the vestibule: a sycamore shaded the whole building. I think Tenos must be nearer to Athens than to Miletus. Could we not go now for a few days? How temperate

was the air, how serene the sky, how beautiful the country! the people how quiet, how gentle, how kind-hearted!

Is there any station so happy as an uncontested place in a small community, where manners are simple, where wants are few, where respect is the tribute of probity, and love is the guerdon of beneficence. O Pericles! let us go; we can return at any time.

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

The gratitude and love I owe to Pericles induces me to write the very day I have landed at Lampsacus. You are prudent, Aspasia! and your prudence is of the best quality; instinctive delicacy. But I am older than you, or than Pericles, although than Pericles by only six years . . and, having no other pretext to counsel you, will rest upon this. Do not press him to abstain from publick business; for, supposing he is by nature no obstinate man, yet the long possession of authority has accustomed him to grasp the tighter what is touched; as shell-fish contract the claws at an atom. The simily

is not an elegant one, but I offer it as the most apposite. He might believe that you fear for him, and that you wish him to fear: this alone would make him pertinacious. Let every thing take its season with him. Perhaps it is necessary that he should control the multitude: if it is, he will know it; even you could not stir him, and would only molest him by the attempt. Age is coming on. This will not loosen his tenacity of power . . it usually has quite the contrary effect. But it will induce him to give up more of his time to the studies he has always delighted in, which however were insufficient for the full activity of his mind. Mine is a sluggard: I have surrendered it entirely to philosophy, and it has made little or no progress: it has dwelt pleased with hardly anything it has embraced, and has often run back again from fond prepossessions or startling doubts. It could not help it.

But as we sometimes find one thing while we are looking for another, so, if truth escaped me, happiness and contentment fell in my way, and have accompanied me even to Lampsacus.

Be cautious, O Aspasia! of discoursing on philosophy. Is it not in philosophy as in love? the

more we have of it, and the less we talk about it, the better. Never touch upon religion with any body. The irreligious are incurable and insensible; the religious are morbid and irritable: the former would scorn, the latter would strangle you. It appears to me to be not only a dangerous, but, what is worse, an indelicate thing, to place ourselves where we are likely to see fevers and phrenzies, writhings and distortions, debilities and deformities. Religion at Athens is like a fountain near Dodona, which extinguishes a lighted torch, and which gives a flame of its own to an unlighted one held down to it. Keep yours in your chamber, and let the people run about with theirs; but remember, it is rather apt to catch the skirts. Believe me, I am happy: I am not deprived of my friends. Imagination is little less strong in our later years than in our earlier. True, it alights on fewer objects, but it rests longer on them, and sees them better. Pericles first, and then you, and then Meton, occupy my thoughts. I am with you still, I study with you, just as before, although nobody talks loud in the schoolroom.

This is the pleasantest part of life. Oblivion throws her light coverlet over her infancy; and,

soon after we are out of the cradle we forget how soundly we had been slumbering, and how delightful were our dreams. Toil and pleasure contend for us almost the instant we rise from it: and weariness follows whichever has carried us away. We stop awhile, look around us, wonder to find we have completed the circle of existence, fold our arms, and fall asleep again.

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Proxenus, a native of Massilia, is lately come over to visit his relations and correspondents. The Phocæans, you know, were the founders of Lampsacus, long before they were driven, by the invasion of Cyrus, into Italy and Gaul. Like the generality of mercantile men, Proxenus is little attached to any system of philosophy, but appears to hold in some esteem the name and institutions of Pythagoras. Formerly we have conversed, together with Pericles, on this extraordinary man, regretting that so little is known of him in the midst of his celebrity. Hardly a century hath elapsed since he left his native Samos, and settled

on the peaceful shores of Italy. His presence, his precepts, his authority. his example, were unavailing to the preservation of that tranquillity which the beauty of the climate, the fertility of the soil, and the freedom of the institutions, ought to have established and perpetuated. But it is in the regions of the earth as in the regions of the air, the warm and genial are absorbed by the cold and void, and tempests and storms ensue. The happiness of thousands is the happiness of too many, in the close calculation of some inexpert contriver; and he spoils the honey by smoking the hive. No sooner is a nation at ease, than he who should be the first to participate in the blessing, is the most uneasy; and, when at last he has found a place to his mind, before he lies down he scratches a hole in it, as the dogs do. Such had been the case at Samos, and such was likewise the case at Croton. The difference lay merely in this. Polycrates was a man of abilities, and capable of holding the government in his single hand: he loved power, he loved pleasure, he contented the populace, and he reconciled the wise; Croton was subject to the discretion of an oligarchy, incompetent, arrogant, jealous and unjust. It is untrue that Pythagoras was ever at enmity with him, or

was treated by him with disrespect. The one was as fond of authority as the other, and neither was willing to divide it. Whatever could be done to promote the studies of the philosopher was done spontaneously by the chief magistrate, who gave him letters of recommendation to the king of Egypt. By these, and perhaps by these only, could he ever have penetrated into the innermost recesses of the priesthood. Conversing with them, and observing their power over the people, he lost nothing of his inclination to possess the same, and added much to the means of acquiring it. Epimenides the Cretan was perhaps the exemplar he had resolved to follow, but with mitigated severity. Solon with all his wisdom, and never had mortal more, was unable to bring back the Athenians to the simplicity and equity of their forefathers. Knowing well their propensity to superstition, which always acts with its greatest intensity on the cruel and the loose, he invited Epimenides to come and over-awe them by his sanctity and his sacrifices. We cannot doubt that he left the whole management of their conversion to the discretion of the stranger. An Epimenides, in all ages of the world, will possess

more influence than a Solon. Lustrations and sacrifices followed prodigies and omens; and among the marvels and miracles which the Cretan seer displayed, the last was the greatest in the eyes of Athens. He announced his determination to return home, and refused all the honours and riches the people would have lavished on him. Epimenides wanted nothing: the gods were less moderate; they required a human victim. Cratinus was too happy in devoting his blood at the altar; Ctesibias, on the bosom of his friend.

Proxenus is come in, by appointment, and has broken off an old story, which you know as well as I do. I will give you his; but not without an account from you in return, of what is going on among the craft at Athens.

ASPASIA TO ANAXAGORAS.

Secrecy and mystery drive the uninitiated into suspicion and distrust: an honest man never will propose, and a prudent man never will comply with, the condition. What is equitable and proper lies wide open on the plain, and is accessible to

all, without an entrance through labyrinth or defile. I do not love Pythagoras nor Epimenides, nor indeed my friend Socrates so much as perhaps I should, who however, beside his cleverness, has many good qualities. He, like Pythagoras, is endowed with an extraordinary share of intellect; but neither of them has attained the fixt and measured scope of true philosophy; the one being in perpetual motion to display his surprising tricks of rhetorical ingenuity, which tend only to the confusion of truth and falsehood, and consequently to indifference in the choice of them; the other was no less active and restless in the acquisition and maintenance of power. The business of philosophy is to examine and estimate all those things which come within the cognizance of the understanding. Speculations on any that lie beyond, are only pleasant dreams, leaving the mind to the lassitude of disappointment. They are easier than geometry and dialecticks; they are easier than the efforts of a well-regulated imagination in the structure of a poem. These are usually held forth by them as feathers and thistle-down; yet condescend they nevertheless to employ them; numerals as matter and mind; harmony as flute

and fiddle-strings to the dances of the stars. In their compositions they adopt the phraseology and curtsy to the cadences of poetry. Look nearer; and what do you see before you? the limbs of Orpheus, bloodless, broken, swollen, and palpitating on the cold and misty waters of the Hebrus. Such are the rhapsodical scraps in their visionary lucubrations. They would poison Homer, the purest and soundest of moralists, the most ancient and venerable of philosophers, not out of any ill-will to him, but out of love to the human race. There is often an enchantment in their sentences, by which the ear is captivated, and against which the intellectual powers are disinclined to struggle; and there is sometimes, but very rarely, a simplicity of manner, which wins like truth. But when ambition leads them toward the poetical, they fall flat upon thorny ground. No writer of florid prose ever was more than a secondary poet. Poetry, in her bright estate, is delighted with exuberant abundance, but imposes on her worshipper a severity of selection. She has not only her days of festival, but also her days of abstinence, and, unless upon some that are set apart, prefers the graces of sedateness to the

revelry of enthusiasm. She rejects, as inharmonious and barbarous, the mimicry of her voice and manner by obstreperous sophists and argute grammarians, and she scatters to the winds the loose fragments of the schools.

Socrates and his disciples run about the streets, pick up every young person they meet with, carry him away with them, and prove to him that everything he ever heard is false, and everything he ever said is foolish. He must love his father and mother in their way, or not at all. The only questions they ask him are those which they know he cannot answer, and the only doctrines they inculcate are those which it is impossible he should understand. He has now fairly reached sublimity, and looks of wonder are interchanged at his progress. Is it sublime to strain our vision into a fog? and must we fancy we see far because we are looking where nobody can see farther?

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

The Massilian is intelligent and communicative. Some matters which he related at our conference

you will perhaps remember in Herodotus: others are his own story; so let him tell the whole in his own manner.

"The unbroken force of Persia was brought under the walls of Phocæa. Harpagus, equally wise and generous, offered to our citizens the most favorable terms of surrender. They requested one day for deliberation. Aware of their intentions, he dissembled his knowledge, and allowed them to freight their ships, embark, and sail away. His clemency was however no security to his garrison. Within a few days the expatriated citizens landed again, slew every Persian within the walls, then, casting a mass of iron into the sea, swore they would never return a second time until it rose and floated on the surface. Some historians would persuade us that, after this cruel vengeance, this voluntary and unanimous oath, the greater part returned. Such a tale is idle and absurd. The Persians would too surely have inflicted due vengeance on their perfidy. Some however did indeed separate from the main body of the emigration, and came to reside here in Lampsacus, which their ancestors had founded, and where they continued on the most hospitable terms by frequent

intermarriages. The bulk of the expedition reached Alalia, a colony of theirs, led recently into Corsica. Here they continued to reside but a little time unmolested by the jealousy of the Carthaginians and Tyrrhenians. Undaunted by the coalition against them, and by the loss of many ships in a battle with the united fleet of the confederates, they sailed to the neighbourhood of the more ancient Grecian cities, and founded Elea, near Poseidonia. And now probably they first became acquainted with the disciples of Pythagoras. He himself, it is said, retired to Metapontum, and died there. When he went from Samos to Croton he was in the vigour of life; and not many years elapsed ere he beheld the overthrow of his institutions. He is reported by some to have attained an extreme old age, which his tranquillity and temperance render probable. Even without this supposition, he may perhaps have visited the coast of Gaul, before or after the arrival of the Phocæans. Collecting, we may imagine, additional forces from the many Ionians whom the generals of Cyrus had expelled, they began to build the city of Massilia, not long after the settlement at Elea, which the vicinity of powerful states, and its incapacity and

insecurity for the mooring of a navy, rendered ineligible as the seat of government, or as a constant station."

Thus much I had collected from Proxenus, when he began to give me information on anchorages and harbours, imports and exports: I could not in common civility interrupt him, or ask any thing better than what it pleased him to bestow on me. As our acquaintance strengthens, I will draw more unreservedly from his stores.

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Proxenus runs into some errors both in regard to facts and motives. It is false that Pythagoras, on returning from his voyage in Egypt, was indignant at finding a tyrant in his native city. Polycrates was in possession of the supreme power when the philosopher left the island, and used it with clemency and discretion. The traveller might have gone and might have returned with discontent, but indignation is averse to favours, and these he was by no means reluctant to accept. Finding he could not be the principal man among

his fellow-citizens, he resolved to attain that rank where the supremacy was yet unoccupied. He had seen enough of the Egyptian, and heard enough of the Indian priesthood, to convince him that, by a system somewhat similar to theirs, absolute power was more attainable and more safe. He took lessons and precautions; and wherever there was a celebrated and ancient temple, he visited its priests, and explored the origin and conduct of their institutions and authority. In recompense for these, he is reported to have raised his tunick to the holy ones at Olympia, and to have displayed a golden thigh. Nothing so royal, so godlike, had been seen since the reign of Pelops. A golden thigh is worth an ivory shoulder. Such a miracle, we may be sure, was not altogether lost upon the prophetess at Delphi, the fair Themistocleia, who promulgated to him her secrets in return.

His doctrines were kept within his own circle, under the safeguard of an oath. This in all countries is and ought to be forbidden, as being the prerogative of the magistracy. Love of supremacy was the motive in all his injunctions and in all his actions. He avoided the trouble of office and the danger of responsibility: he excluded the com-

mons, and called to him the nobles, who alone were deemed worthy of serving him. Among these he established an equality, which, together with the regularity and frugality of their living, must have tended to conciliate and gratify in some measure the poorer citizens. Certain kinds of animal food were forbidden, as in India and other countries less remote, but, contrary to what we have often heard asserted, no species of pulse or vegetable. *Abstain from the bean*, signified, abstain from elections to political employments. The teacher was in the place of parent to his disciples, who appear to have renounced all the natural affections that had sprung up before they entered the society. His regimen was mild and generous: its principal merit was, however, the repression of loquacity; common in the ardour of youth after its chase in the fields of knowledge; commoner, and more unbecoming, in the morose repose of an arrogant philosophy. The history of Pythagoras, forasmuch as he interests us in being the leader of a sect and of a party, is neither long nor obscure. The commons of Croton soon began to perceive that, under his management, the sons of the aristocracy would be no better inclined,

than their fathers had been, to concede them an equal share in the government: and the rulers themselves, day after day, lost somewhat of authority in their families. During the whole time that he had resided in Italy, the people of nearly all the Greek cities heaved indignantly under oppressive oligarchies. Sybaris, whose wealth they were absorbing in more than Circæan luxuries, rose first upon her feet, and expelled the council of five hundred. They retired for refuge to the lords of Croton; and, when the Sybarites called for justice on them, the demand was voted an affront. And now indeed the veil of sanctity and seclusion was violently rent by the disciples of the Samian. He incited them to maintain peace and good government, pointed out to them the phantom of Freedom, how it blasted every region it passed over, and adjured them to the defence of their rulers, by the purity of their religion. They marched, fought a battle, won it, and Sybaris was swept from the earth.

Discord, I suspect, O Aspasia! is the readiest of all the deities to appear at our invocation. The oligarchs of Croton, long accustomed to uncontrolled power and irresponsible injustice, re-

fused to the army, now comprehending all the active citizens, even the smallest portion of the spoils. Again did the Crotoniats cry to arms; and again, and in a better cause, were conquerors. Pythagoras* and his disciples fled before them, and the hall in which they assembled was reduced to ashes.

It is only a free city that is strong; for it is only in a free city that the mass of the people can be armed.

ASPASIA TO ANAXAGORAS.

Men of powerful minds, although they never give up Philosophy, yet cease by degrees to make their professions in form, and lay ultimately the presents they have received from her at the feet of History. Thus did Herodotus, thus did Hecatæus, and thus, let me hope, will Anaxagoras. The deeds of past ages are signally reflected on the advancing clouds of the future: here insurrections and wrecks and conflagrations; here the

* Pythagoras was a Præ-jesuit.

ascending, there the drooping diadem; the mighty host, the mightier man before it; and, in the serener line on the horizon, the emersion of cities and citadels over far-off seas. There are those who know in what quarter to look for them: but it is rarely to their hands the power of promoting the good, or averting the evil, is entrusted. Yet, O Anaxagoras! all is not hideous in the past, all is not gloomy in the future. There are communities where the best and wisest are not utterly cast aside, and where the robe of Philosophy is no impediment to the steps of men. Idly do our sages cry out against the poets for mistuning the heart and misgoverning the intellect. Meanwhile they themselves are occupied in selfish vanities on the side of the affections; and, on the side of the understanding, in fruitless, frivolous, indefinite, interminable disquisitions. If our thoughts are to be reduced to powder, I would rather it were for an ingredient in a love-potion, to soften with sympathies the human heart, than a charm for raising up spectres to contract and to coerce it. If dust is to be thrown into our eyes, let it be dust from under a bright enlivening sun, and not the effect of frost and wind.

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Philosophy is but dry bread: men will not live upon it, however wholesome: they require the succulent food and exciting cup of Religion. We differ in bodily strength, in compactness of bone, and elasticity of sinew; but we all are subject to the same softness, and nearly to the same distemperature, in the nobler animators of the frame, the brain and blood. Thus it is in creeds: the sage and simple, the ardent enthusiast and the patient investigator, fall into and embrace with equal pertinacity the most absurd and revolting tenets. There are as many wise men who have venerated the ibis and cat, as there are who have bent their heads before Zeus and Pallas. No extravagance in devotion but is defended by some other towering above it; no falsehood but whose features are composed to the semblance of truth. By some people those things are adored that eat them; by others, those that they eat. Men must rest here: superstition, satiated and gorged, can go no farther.

The progression of souls is not unreasonable, the transmigration is. That we shall pass hereafter into many states of successive existence is

credible enough; but not upon earth, not with earthly passions. Yet Pythagoras was so resolute and so unguarded, that he asserted to himself a series of lives, here among men, by the peculiar and especial favour of the gods, with a perfect consciousness of every change he had undergone. Others became dogs, wolves, bears; or peradventure men again; but knowing as little of what had happened. Nevertheless, he pretended that these transmigrations were punishments and rewards. Which is punished? the dead creature or the living? the criminal man or the guiltless animal? Some believe they can throw their sins into a fox: others (in Africa for instance) into a priest. Now the priest may have received what he esteems an equivalent: the fox is at once a creditor and a debtor, with little hope, on either side, of indemnity or balance. It is only when you or Pericles were my audience, that I ever was inclined to press hard against the inconsistencies of philosophers. But we must trace things to their origin where we can. The greater part of those now prevalent are ascribable to the school of Samos. Numerals were considered by the teacher as materials, and not only as the components, but as the

elements, of the world. He misunderstood his own theory: the reason is, he made it his own by theft. The young persons who are hearers of the warier Socrates, catch at it in the playground, and the ill-compacted cake crumbles under their hands.

Unfavorable as my evidence must appear, and is, I am fortunate in being able to lay before you another and comelier representation of a philosopher so enriched by genius. I have always, in all companies, and upon all occasions, been sparing of my questions, and have exerted the uttermost ingenuity I am master of, in drawing the truth on, without such an instrument of torture. Probably I have lost by age a part of my dexterity, or presence of mind, or determination; for Proxenus, at the close of our conference, said aloud and sharply,

"You shall never make *that* out. I think him a very honest man; and I think nobody an honest man who thinks otherwise."

"Fair Proxenus!" I replied, "you are now greatly more than a philosopher. Some favorite god alone could have inspired all this enthusiasm."

He grew instantly calm upon my compliment, and said with the most polite complacency,

"Well! I am not a match for you Half-Athenians; but read this little volume by my friend Psyllus of Metapontum; it will open your eyes, I warrant it."

"Blessings upon it then!" said I, bending over and taking it with due reverence; "many of late have done quite the contrary."

PSYLLUS TO PISANDER OF ELEA.

On the Lawgiver of the Gauls.

Pisander! when last we met, I promised you I would make farther inquiries into the subject of our conversation at the house of Euryalus, and that I doubted not of success in attempting to prove the identity of Pythagoras and Samotes. Strange, that the idea should have occurred to no one else in the course of so many generations. Was it not sufficiently clear for the follower of truth? or was it not sufficiently dark and intricate for the lover of mystery and paradox? I imagine it stood between both, at an equal distance from

the road of each, and thus it was passed unnoticed.

There is nobody then who can explain to me what was the religion of the Gauls at the time of the Phocæan emigration. Samotes is recorded as their legislator. Legislation here includes, as it necessarily must in ages of barbarism, not only the civil institutions of the people, but likewise the religious. Yet neither the character nor the tenets, neither the period nor the country, nor indeed the existence of Samotes, have ever been ascertained. Ask the people who he was, and they will tell you that he came to them *over the sea*, long ago. Computation of time, past and future, never occupies, never occurs to, the barbarian. It was long ago that the old tree, against which his cabin leans, sprang up; long ago since the cabin was built; long ago since he was a child. Whatever is not visible to him, or was not, has feeble hold on his memory, and never enters into his calculation. As lawgiver of the Gauls, Samotes is acknowledged to have instructed them both in the ceremony of human oblations, and in the creed of the metempsychosis: for these are mentioned together in the first opening of their history.

But it appears to me that the metempsychosis, which is generally held as the basis of druidism, is adventitious. We shall find that this institution is composed of two extremely different and obstinately discordant parts. One, the result of ferocity, varies but little from what exists in an early state of most nations; which diversity may be accounted for, from their climate, their wants, their habits, and pursuits. The other is engrafted on its savage stock, by the steady but not sufficiently impressive hand of a gentle and provident philosophy. You ask me when? by whom? One word will solve both questions: by Samotes; by the man of Samos. Do you doubt that he ever was in Gaul? And do you think it probable that, with his fondness for travelling, his alacrity in inquiry, he would have resided many years in Italy, and have never once visited a country so near to him, a country so singular in its customs, at least in the combination of them, *if such customs then existed*, a country on whose shores the most valiant of his own countrymen were landing? If at this early epoch the tribes of Gaul believed in the metempsychosis, would not sympathy, would not admiration, have impelled him

thither? But if, on the contrary, the doctrine did not prevail, who introduced it? what author of greater weight? I am curious to learn his name or his country. Perhaps by knowing the one, we may guess the other, since the ideas he impressed and left behind him are stamped with a peculiar mark. It may be argued that, able to inculcate lastingly, on the mind of his Gallick proselytes, a dogma which seems to have been received but partially, and to have soon disappeared, where he lived in the full exercise of authority, he still was unable to abolish, as he would wish to do, their sanguinary rites. He was: for it is easier to learn than to unlearn what incessantly works and excites and agitates our passions. The advantages of the metempsychosis were perhaps the most striking of any that could be presented to warlike minds; to which minds, you must have remarked, O Pisander, advantages will present themselves more readily than disadvantages. Besides, the Druids, whom we cannot well consider at any time a very enlightened order, or likely to see every consequence, every contingency, had no direct interest in suppressing such a doctrine. New colonies were endeavouring to establish

themselves in their country; and colonies are the unfailing seed of wars. For, if they flourish, they require an accession of territory; if they do not flourish, they either turn out vagabonds and robbers, or employ violence to remove the obstacles that impede their industry. Something great then, and something new was wanting, since the danger that impended was both new and great. Immolations before them on one side, and the sublime view of the metempsychosis on the other, what could either shake the confidence or rebate the courage of the Gauls? A new body was new armour, beautiful, strong, in which they would elude the rage and laugh at the impotence of War. It was delightful to try other scenes of existence, to extinguish their burning wounds in the blood of their enemies, and to mount from the shields of their comrades into fresh life and glory.

A religion thus compounded is absurd and contradictory, but contradiction and absurdity in religion are not peculiar to barbarians. The sacrifice of a human victim was deemed the most solemn and important duty, and they would rather abandon any other ceremony than this. They were savage; we are civilized: they fought, and

their adversaries were to share their immortality: we fight to make others as abject as ourselves. They had leaders of proud spirit who raised them to the heavens: we have heavy oligarchs who bend us to the earth.

Rituals, in even the less ardent and intractable, are not soon, nor easily, nor all at once, resigned. We must cease then to marvel that the most impressive, the most awful, and perhaps the most universal of devotions, human sacrifice, should not have been overthrown by the declining years of Pythagoras. It is true he retained his faculties to the last; he retained also the energy of his mind; but the voluntary exile of Samos was purely a lawgiver in philosophy. His religion was not intolerant nor intrusive, but mainly adapted to the humbler offices of temperance and peace. Beyond this, little is known, and much is feigned of him. It would have been well if historians had related to us more of what he did, and less of what he did not. If, instead of the story of his dying in a bean-field, through horror of its impurity, they had carefully traced and pointed out his travels, they would neither have mentioned his voyage to

India,* nor have omitted his voyage to Gaul. The priests on the Nile were at all times well acquainted with their brethren on the Indus and Ganges; and indeed I believe that all the great temples of the world have secret communications. Do not lift up your hands, my good Pisander! not underground, not magical, but opened from time to time, in cases of difficulty and danger, through confidential agents.†

All religions, in which there is no craft nor cruelty, are pleasing to the immortal Gods; because all acknowledge their power, invoke their presence, exhibit our dependence, and exhort our gratitude. Therefore let us never be remiss in our duty of veneration to those holy men, who not only manifest their good will toward such as think and worship with them, but also toward the stranger at the steps of other altars. While orators and poets, and philosophers too, are riotous

* If Pythagoras had visited India, the learned men who accompanied Alexander would have enquired after him, and would have given the result.

† The use of gun-powder, for instance, if not of guns, was known to the priests in countries the most distant, and of the most different religions. The army of the Macedonians was smitten by its lightnings under the walls of the Oxydracians; the army of the Gauls under the walls of Delphi.

and quarrelsome, malicious and vindictive, Religion leads to herself, and calls her own, the priests of all persuasions, who extend their hands one to another from a distance, unrestricted by jealousy and undefiled by blood.

How great, O my friend, is our consolation, in the certainty that our prayers and sacrifices are accepted! So long as the priests in our country, and around us, live fraternally, let us likewise be of the household. But if any devastating religion should spring up, any which rouses strife and spreads distrust, any which sunders man from man, *that* religion must be rejected by the gods as wicked, and renounced by their worshippers as ineffectual. The claimants of such an imposition shall never have from me white flour or salt. Should you question why the milder creed had little effect in Gaul; why the golden rules are not valued by the people as the precious relicks of a departed master; I reply that, in such a state of society, it was impossible to bring them bodily into use. The priests alone (and it is not every priest who will readily sit down to be instructed) could profit by his knowledge of geometry, or would apply to practice or

speculation his theory of numbers. A few of them are not utterly ignorant of either; and it is hence that the trickling may be traced. Men living in a state of barbarism and warfare would entertain but small respect for injunctions to abstain from any obvious and palatable food. Silence, forbearance, quietude, it cannot be expected should be the inmates of a camp. Soldiers without regular supplies (in which consists the main difficulty, and on which depend the main advantages in the science of war) must subsist on whatever they can seize; and men without regular government (by which I can intend no other than of magistrates chosen by the people) would, if we consider the bean as employed in ballot, be ignorant of the lax and foren interpretation.

As the fountains of the most celebrated rivers are neither easily discoverable nor large, so it often happens that things of the greatest moment, in the political and moral world, are derived from an obscure, from a remote, and from a slender origin. I have given you my opinion on the cause of the supposition; but having heard another, however less probable, I will report it.*

* Qu. whether any author now extant, excepting Psyllus in his epistle, mentions this.

In the south of Italy, where Pythagoras resided, were several cities, Tarentum in particular, of Lacedæmonian foundation. One festival of this people, whose ancestors were distinguished for frugality, was nevertheless, even in the midst of primitive Lacedæmon, even in the bosom of Temperance herself, deformed with foul excess. It was called *the Feast of the Nurses.* They carried male infants to the Temple of Diana, and, after exposing themselves among the tents where the populace was assembled, fed them with the entrails of swine, which had been sacrificed, and with figs, vetches, and *beans.* Their morals, we may believe, were not rendered more austere by the fertility and invitations of a delicious climate. At a distance from Taygetus and Cithæron, there were (allow me the expression) beyond the latitudes of chill checking breezes from the headlands of bluff morality; and the voice of the Sirens sounded in ears sealed only to the call of reprehension and reproof. The hunter of Laconia would have smiled to hear them imitate his shout, and tell the trembling Sibarite, their neighbour, that such were the shouts of Spartans. He would have wondered that terror should be excited in

another by that which excited only ridicule in himself; he would have stared not a little at the start from the couch, and the rustle of roses on the marble floor.

Pythagoras could not say, Abstain from the city, abstain from the fellowship of the Tarentines; it would have exasperated them against him; but he might have heard related to him some instance of sensuality which happened at this festival, and might have said briefly, yet significantly, abstain from beans. Ordinances have often been observed and commemorated far beyond the intent and expectation of their founder. Certain it is that, formerly as at present, in the popular states of Italy, the election and rejection of magistrates were signified by beans; and no less evidently was it the interest of the philosophical stranger to dissuade his auditors from the concerns of state. This, while it procured toleration and conciliated esteem, introduced them to such habitudes of close reflection, as withheld them from being the agitators, and fitted them to become, by just degrees, the leaders of the commonwealth. After all, if they pursued any other line of conduct, *he* at least would escape uncensured, and might complete

without juridical, or, what he would more have deprecated, popular molestation, his scheme of general reform.

Abstain from beans we have considered in a moral and political, but also in a religious point it may easily be defended, from high authorities. However, I must express my doubts whether in the lifetime of Pythagoras his followers abstained from this article of food. Is it not probable that those who came after him took the letter for the spirit, as we know it to have happened in some other doctrines, and within a century from the founder's death? To abstain with rigour from things indifferent, (and from some indeed they did abstain,) may not appear consistent with the exercise of reason. Arrogant it may be thought in him who commanded, and infantine in those who obeyed. But, in the religions which have continued the longest, certain foods (it is said) are prohibited; and the observance of such prohibition is the moral cause of their duration. He who will not obey in what is easy, will not obey in what is difficult: but the subjects of these theocratical governments are every day refreshed with the exercise of salutary compliance. At the moment

when a sense of duty is liable to be extinguished in others, in them it is sure to be excited; there is piety if they fast; if they satisfy their hunger there is piety. It appears to me, that the wisest and most provident of oriental legislators are in nothing more worthy of our esteem and veneration, than in the ordinance of these prohibitions. Can we ascertain what nations have, or what nations have not, been cannibals? Why does it revolt more strongly against our senses to eat a man than to kill one? The crime in itself is surely not so great. Nature has fixed certain barriers, of which many seem fancifully chosen and arranged, against the irruption of our appetites. There are animals never brought upon our tables, although the flesh is said to be wholesome, and the flavour grateful. It is needless to seek how first it happened that man violated the semblance of himself and of his gods. Was it war, was it fanaticism, or was it famine, that impelled him to the accursed sacrifice? Pisander! Pisander! he had tasted the fatness of the lamb that he carried in his bosom: he had tempted the fawn by caresses from afar: it had licked his hand, and he had shed its blood!

Cannibals have been found were food was plen-

tiful: and the savage does not loathe for its ugliness the hugest serpent. There must be something, and it must be in the brute creation, which he shall fear to consume for the impiety of the deed.

The sacrifice of a human victim can only be performed with the concurrence of prince or magistracy. Of course Pythagoras could not oppose it, consistently with his profession of abstaining from their concerns. Nevertheless he was at liberty to introduce a doctrine which, as the day of cultivation advanced, would undermine the pyre and release the victim. The Druids were, and are, and always will be, barbarous. Their order has not existed long, and will soon terminate, the Gauls being not only the most ferocious of mankind, but the most suspicious and acute; they are also the most versatile, the most inconstant, and (what makes sad work with solemnities) on the detection of halt or blemish, of irrepressible mimicry, of unquenchable derision. Those in the vicinity of Massilia are free already from the furies of fanaticism. Intercourse with the Tuscans and Ligurians has humanized them greatly, and the softer voice of Ionia has now persuaded them, that the gods can take us when

they want us, without wicker baskets; and that the harp and dance are as pleasant to them as the cries and agonies of dying men."

Thus ends the epistle of Psyllus; and at least in the end of it I think we shall agree. His comfits will sweeten my pomegranate.

ASPASIA TO ANAXAGORAS.

Whatever may be the partiality of your Massilian to Pythagoras, it is evident enough that the philosopher of Samos, possessing great acquired intelligence, and gifted with extraordinary powers of mind, was an intriguer and an impostor. And truly, O Anaxagoras, it is much to be desired that others now living were exempt from a certain part of such an imputation. Our friend Socrates, I am sorry to say, intimates to his friends in private that he has a kind of genius always at his ear, who forewarns him in affairs apparently the most indifferent. If we consider it well, we shall be of opinion that there are few things so indifferent as they seem to us; few, the consequence of which may not, visibly or invisibly, act with grave im-

portance on the future. But if a genius, a superhuman power, were to influence the actions of any man, surely it would be those which must necessarily put in motion the levers and regulators of a commonwealth. We are all under the guidance of a Deity if we will let him act on us; but it is as easy to slip from under his guidance, as it is difficult to escape from the penalties of our error. Already they are some who are jealous of Socrates and his Genius; and who perhaps may try, hereafter, whether the Genius will help him to elude the laws. For novelties in religion, as you know, are not held guiltless: and a Genius that renders a man wiser or better is indeed an innovator. As they cannot catch him, I fear they may lay their hands upon our Socrates.

ANAXAGORAS TO PERICLES.

It is easier to answer the questions than the kindnesses of your letter. I will begin then.

We have not two factions; aristocracy has kept aloof from Lampsacus. The people find themselves so secure and comfortable under the

ancient laws, that they would no more hazard any innovation, than they would alter their course at sea when they were sailing with a favorable wind. They hardly can be brought to believe that any nation hath abrogated two laws in twenty or thirty years, or hath been obliged by prosperity or adversity to enact so many in so brief a space of time. Miletus was always just to her colonies. She has founded more than sixty; and not a single one has ever had reason to complain of her exactions or restrictions. All the great empires that have existed in the world, Chaldæa, Babylonia, Media, Persia, all these taken together, have not sent out the hundredth part of what has gone forth from the bosom of Miletus. Surely of political glory this is the highest: to rear carefully a numerous family, educate it honestly, protect it bravely, and provide for it plenteously and independently. Her citizens have more reason to be proud of this section in their polity, than some others who are much powerfuller. Would not every mother wish to see her own features in her daughter? her own constitutional strength, her own character, her own prosperity? What inconsistency, then, what folly, what madness, for the metropolis to wish otherwise in regard to her

colony! Is the right arm stronger by rendering the left weaker? Gain we any vantage-ground against our enemy by standing on the prostrate body of our child?

To whom am I writing? to Pericles? yes, to him; to the man who best knows that the strongest reasons of state proceed from the mouth of justice.

And now let me loose again. Seldom have I written, and never have I spoken, so long at a time on such a subject. Could you ever draw from me even an opinion on these matters, in a city where (excepting myself) you alone preserved in them your calmness, equanimity, and composure? Even Aspasia, who unites the wisdom of the heart to the wisdom of the understanding, and has more in both than any one else in either, was sometimes in perturbation at politicks, and sometimes in grief.

A while since I sent her a dozen or more of such verses as our young people, and others who should know better, are idle enough to compose in the open air. My neighbour, Proxenus, the Massilian, has been employed in making a collection from the gardens round about. The greater part he tells me, are upon love and flowers, dews and

suns, stars and moons, evenings and mornings, springs and autumns. He observes that summer is rather out of favour with the poets; and that where winter is mentioned, he has often found the whole composition scored across with a nail, or with a piece of tile, or defaced in some other way as nigh at hand. Proxenus is no poet, and therefore it is more amusing to hear him discourse on poetry.

"I am sated with flowers," said he. "The Muses ought to keep out of the market: if they must come into it, let them not come as greengrocers. See, what a large proportion in my collection is upon flowers and foliage, with here and there a solitary turtle-dove, and a nightingale deplorably belimed. A few pious men indeed have written in reverence of the tutelary god, and have done all they could to repress the licentiousness of the young and thoughtless. The best inscription I have found among them is in the garden of Mnestheus; and this perhaps is worth preservation rather for its grave admonition and religious sentiment than its poetry."

So far Proxenus. I do not remember what were those verses I sent to Aspasia; there may be more good sense in these,

INSCRIPTION ON A PLINTH IN THE GARDEN OF MNESTHEUS AT LAMPSACUS.

Youngsters! who write false names, and slink behind
The honest garden-god to hide yourselves,
Take heed unto your ways! the worshipful
Requires from all upright straitforwardness.
Away, away then subterfuge with him!
I would not chide severely; nor would he,
Unless ye thwart him; for alike we know
Ye are not childisher than elder folk,
Who piously (in doing ill, believe
That every God sees every man . . but one.

ASPASIA TO ANAXAGORAS.

The style of your Psyllus is, I presume, Massilian. He walks heavily through high-stemmed leafy flowers. Does he not deserve now this little piece of imitation?

Forbear to call it mockery; for mockery is always rude and inhumane.

Our friend Socrates has taken a wife. In every danger he has been thought singularly brave; and, if she is what she is represented, the action proves it. He retains his custom of sitting in the porticoes, and beckoning to passers, and conversing on loveliness, and commending equanimity,

and driving the schoolmen mad. Yet among the Epithalamions, the cleverest is one which celebrates him for the quality most remote from his character. Thales and Pherecydes and Pythagoras, and some few more, would really have made Philosophy domestick. Our epithalamiast, intending nothing satirical, tells Socrates (whom neither celibacy nor marriage have detained at home, and who never could resist an opportunity of wrangling, while a sophist or a straw was before him) that he first brought philosophy from heaven into private houses! I hope he will find her in his own as often as he wants her: but if he is resolved to bring her down into ours, such as we have seen her lately, the city will be all in a bustle with the double-bolting of doors.

Let the archons look to it.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Pericles tells me that you are less tranquil than you were formerly, and that he apprehends you are affected not a little by the calumnies of your enemies.

If it is true that there can be no calumny without malice, it is equally so that there can be no malice without some desirable quality to excite it. Make up your mind, Aspasia, to pay the double rate of rank and genius. It is much to be the wife of Pericles; it is more to be Aspasia. Names that lie upon the ground are not easily set on fire by the torch of Envy, but those quickly catch it which are raised up by fame, or wave to the breeze of prosperity. Every one that passes is ready to give them a shake and a rip; for there are few either so busy or so idle as not to lend a hand at undoing.

You, Pericles, and myself, have a world of our own, into which no Athenian can enter without our permission. Study, philosophize, write poetry. These things I know are difficult when there is a noise in the brain; but begin, and the noise ceases. The mind, slow in its ascent at first, accelerates every moment, and is soon above the hearing of frogs and the sight of brambles.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

A pestilence has broken out in the city so virulent in its charac'er, so rapid in its progress, so

intractable to medicine, that Pericles, in spite of my remonstrances and prayers, insisted on my departure. He told me that if I delayed it a single day, his influence might be insufficient to obtain me a reception in any town, or any hamlet, throughout the whole of Greece. He has promised to write to me daily, but he declared he could not assure me that his letters would come regularly, although he purposes to send them secretly by the shepherds, fumigated and dipt in oil before they depart from Athens. He has several farms in Thessaly under mount Ossa, near Sicurion. Here I am, a few stadia from the walls. Never did I breathe so pure an air, so refreshing in the midst of summer. And the lips of my little Pericles are ruddier and softer and sweeter than before. Nothing is wanting, but that he were less like me, and more like his father. He would have all my thoughts to himself, were Pericles not absent.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Aspasia! I will not allow either the little Pericles or the great one, or both together, to possess all your thoughts. Nay, your letter itself contradicts

you. Cleone and the plague must intercept and divide them occasionally.

Pestilences are maladies that rage with more violence than others, but, like all violent things, soon pass away. The worst effects of them are the seditions, and other sad irregularities, that always burst forth when the banner of Death is unfurled in a populous city. But it is mostly the intemperate that are swept away.

Alas! I must not dissemble the magnitude of the danger; for I know your resolution, I might say rashness. What I have written is true; but I am most afraid that you will not fear enough. Keep up your courage where you are; do not exert it anywhere else.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Cleone! Cleone! if you could but see Athens, you would find it a ditch to throw all your dogmas into. The pestilence has not only seized the intemperate, but, like that which Chryses imprecated on the Greeks before Troy, smote nobler heads after the viler. Pericles himself has not escaped

it. He refused to abstain from appearing in the assemblies of the people, and among the consultations to regulate (as far as might be) the burial and burning of the dead. His temperance and courage the most efficacious preservatives against contagion, failed at length in the effect. The fever seized him, and although he has risen from his bed free from all symptoms of the distemper, his strength is impaired, and many years (he tells me) seem to have crowded into a few days.

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Behold, O Aspasia! I send you verses. They certainly are less valuable than some in your collection, but, to make up the difference, I inclose a cockle-shell.

1.

Beauty! thou art a wanderer on the earth,
  And hast no temple in the fairest ile
Or city over-sea, where Wealth and Mirth
  And all the Graces, all the Muses, smile.

2.

Yet these have always nurst thee, with such fond,
  Such lasting love, that they have followed up
Thy steps thro' every land, and placed beyond
  The reach of thirsty Time thy nectar-cup.

3.

Thou art a wanderer, Beauty! like the rays
  That now upon the platan, now upon
The sleepy lake, glance quick or idly gaze,
  And now are manifold and now are none.

4.

I have call'd, panting, after thee, and thou
  Hast turn'd and lookt and said some pretty word,
Parting the hair, perhaps, upon my brow,
  And telling me none ever was prefer'd.

5.

In more than one bright form hast thou appear'd,
  In more than one sweet dialect hast thou spoken:
Beauty! thy spells the heart within me heard,
  Griev'd that they bound it, grieves that they are
    broken.

All this verbiage I found rudely scrawled on a stone-table, in the garden of my next neighbour Parmenio. I perceive it to be of little worth, by this; it has found an imitator, or rather a correspondent: yet, as he writes angrily, it may not be much amiss.

These are scratched under the preceding.

I have some merit too, old man!
And show me greater if you can.
I always took what Beauty gave,
Nor, when she snatcht it back, lookt grave.
Us modest youths it most beseems
To drink from out the running streams:
Love on their banks delights to dwell . . .
The bucket of the household well

He never tugs at, thinking fit
Only to quench his torch in it.
Shameless old fellow! do you boast
Of conquests upon every coast?
I, O ye Gods! should be content
(Yea, after all the sighs I've spent,
The sighs, and, what is yet more hard,
The minas, talents, gone in nard!)
With only one: I would confine
Meekly this homesick heart of mine
'Twixt Lampsacus and Hammon's shrine.

ASPASIA TO ANAXAGORAS.

It is really odd enough that no temple or altar was ever dedicated to Beauty. Vengeance, and other such personages, whom *we*, Anaxagoras, venture occasionally to call allegorical, have altars enow, and more than enow of worshippers.

Whatever, in your satirical mood, you may think about the cockle-shell, I shall always value it, as much nearly as the verses, and I have ordered it to be made into a clasp for them. Taunt me then as often as you please. It will be like girls pelting with roses: if there is any harm done, it is only to the fingers of the pelter.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

Now the fever is raging, and we are separated, my comfort and delight is in our little Pericles. The letters you send me come less frequently, but I know you write whenever your duties will allow you, and whenever men are found courageous enough to take charge of them. Although you preserved with little care the speeches you delivered formerly, yet you promised me a copy of the later, and as many of the earlier as you could collect among your friends. Let me have them as soon as possible. Whatever bears the traces of your hand, is precious to me: how greatly more precious what is imprest with your genius, what you have meditated and spoken! I shall see your calm thoughtful face while I am reading, and will be cautious not to read aloud lest I lose the illusion of your voice.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Aspasia! do you know what you have asked of me? Would you accept it, if you thought it

might make you love me less? Must your affections be thus loosened from me, that the separation, which the pestilence may render an eternal one, may be somewhat mitigated? I send you the papers. The value will be small to you, and indeed would be small to others, were it possible that they could fall into any hands but yours. Remember the situation in which my birth and breeding and bent of mind have placed me. Remember the powerful rivals I have had to contend with, their celebrity, their popularity, their genius, and their perseverance. You know how often I have regretted the necessity of obtaining the banishment of Cimon, a man more similar to myself than any other. I doubt whether he had quite the same management of his thoughts and words, but he was adorned with every grace, every virtue, and invested by Nature with every high function of the soul. We happened to be placed by our fellow-citizens at the head of two adverse factions. Son of the greatest man in our annals, he was courted and promoted by the aristocracy: I, of a family no less distinguished, was opposed to him by the body of the people. You must have observed, Aspasia, that although one of the popu-

lace may, in turbulent times, be the possessor of great power, it rarely has happened that he retained it long, or without many sanguinary struggles. Moroseness is the evening of turbulence. Every man after a while begins to think himself as capable of governing as one (whoever he may be) taken from his own rank. Amidst all the claims and pretensions of the ignorant and discontented, the eyes of a few begin to be turned complacently toward the more courteous demeanour of some well-born citizen, who presently has an opportunity of conciliating many more, by affability, liberality, eloquence, commiseration, diffidence, and disinterestedness. Part of these must be real, part may not be. Shortly afterward he gains nearly all the rest of the citizens by deserting his order for theirs: his own party will not be left behind, but adheres to him bravely, to show they are not ashamed of their choice, and to avoid the imputation of inconsistency.

Aspasia! I have done with these cares, with these reflections. Little of life is remaining, but my happiness will be coetaneous with it, and my renown will survive it: for there is no example of any who has governed a state so long, without a

single act of revenge or malice, of cruelty or severity. In the thirty-seven years of my administration I have caused no citizen to put on mourning. On this rock, O Aspasia! stand my Propylæa and my Parthenon.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

Gratitude to the immortal Gods overpowers every other impulse of my breast. You are safe.

Pericles! O my Pericles! come into this purer air! live life over again in the smiles of your child, in the devotion of your Aspasia! Why did you fear for me the plague within the city, the Spartans round it? why did you exact the vow at parting, that nothing but your command should recall me again to Athens? Why did I ever make it? Cruel! to refuse me the full enjoyment of your recovered health! crueller to keep me in ignorance of its decline! The happiest of pillows is not that which Love first presses; it is that which Death has frowned on and past over.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

It has been wisely said that Virtue hath only to be seen to be beloved: but unwisely, that Vice hath only to be seen to be hated. Certain it is that the more habituated we are to the contemplation of a pure and placid life, the more do we delight in it. I wish it were equally so that every glance at Vice loosened a feather from her plumage, and that on a nearer approach and more stedfast observation she grew hideous. Proofs to the contrary come before us every day.

Eupolis and Mnesilochus and Callias and Cratinus, like most other authors, are indifferent to any result from their writings but popularity and emolument. And we are informed here at Miletus that several of your philosophers are now employing a language, on the powers and provinces of love, far more seductive to the passions of their youthful auditors than the most indecent of theatrical ribaldry. For surely there is little seductive in a boisterous jocularity, that seizes and holds down the hand from the painfully blushing forehead, and forces the eyes to see what they would shun. Ionian manners, I am afraid, are as licentious as

the Athenian: but ours are become so by our intercourse with the Persians, the Athenian by theirs with the Philosophers. It is only of late that such poisonous perfumery has had this influence on the brain: it is only since the departure of the sedate unostentatious Anaxagoras, that syllogists have snapped their fingers at experiment. Against such men the arrows of ridicule are well directed: but these arrows fall harmlessly from flowing robes; and indeed the purple dye is everywhere a panacea.

ANAXAGORAS TO PERICLES.

Thanks, O Pericles, for your provident care of me! Provident do I say? no, any thing but that; kind, generous, profuse; but if you really saw the extent of my wants, you would only send me notice that you and those about you are well and happy.

The fever which has broken out in your city will certainly spare you if you reside in the Acropolis: and yet you tell me that you are resolved on taking no such precaution, lest you should appear to claim an exemption from the common peril.

What prudent men were my enemies in Athens. to send me back hither! they would not let me live nor die among them!

You have little curiosity to know any thing about private men and retired places. Nevertheless I will tell you and Aspasia what is Lampsacus.

Shrimps and oysters are the lower order of the inhabitants: and these, it is pretended, have reason to complain of the aristocracy above them. The aristocracy on their side contend that such complaints are idle, and unfounded; that they are well fed and well clothed, and that the worst that ever happens to them is to be taken out of their beds, and to be banded, marshalled, and embarked, in the service of their country. In few more words, we all are either fishermen or vine-dressers. I myself am a chief proprietor: my tenement is small, but my vineyard is as spacious as any about. It is nearly a hundred of my paces broad: its length I cannot tell you, for in this direction it is too steep for me to walk up it. My neighbours have informed me that there is a fine spacious view of the Hellespont and headlands from the

summit. I only know that there is a noble god, a century old at the least . . he who protects our gardens and vines. An image of him stands either at the top or the bottom of every avenue in the vicinity. He frowns in many of them; yet, amid all his threats, there is in his good-humoured gravity something like a half-invitation. The boys and girls write verses under him, very derogatory to his power and dignity. They usually write them, I understand, in one another's name; just as if he could not find them out, and would not punish them in due season. Enough of this: I have somewhat less to say about myself. The people love me, for I am no philosopher here, and have scarcely a book in the house. I begin to find that eyes are valuables and books utensils. Sitting at my door, I am amused at the whistle of curlews, and at their contentions and evolutions, for a better possession than a rabble's ear. Sometimes I go down, and enjoy a slumber on the soft deep sands; an unexpected whisper and gentle flap on the face from the passing breeze awakens me, or a startling plash from the cumbersome wave as it approaches nearer. Idleness is as dear to me, reflection as intense, and friend-

ship as warm as ever. Yes, Pericles! Friendship may pause, may question, may agonize, but her semblance alone can perish.

My moon is in the last quarter, and my days ought now to be serene; they are so. Be yours no less; yours and Aspasia's!

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

One true and solid blessing I owe to my popularity. Seldom is it that popularity has afforded any man more than a fallacious one. Late wisdom, and dearly bought, is mine, Aspasia! But I am delaying your delight, at one moment by the hurry of my spirits, at another by the intensity of my reflections. Our Pericles is Athenian in privileges as in birth. I have obtained a law to revoke a former one enforced by me . . and felt no shame. If I could hope that other statesmen would take example from my faults, if I could hope that at any future time they would cease to be opiniative, imperious, and self-willed, mistaking the eminence of station for the supremacy of wisdom, I would entreat them to urge no measure

in which might be traced the faintest sign of malice or resentment, whether in regard to parties or individuals, But alas! the inferior part of man is the stronger: we cannot cut the centaur in twain: we must take him as we find him composed, and derive all the advantage we can both from his strength and his weakness.

I am growing the politician again, when I should be the husband and father.

The odious law, the weight of which I drew upon my own head,* is abrogated. The children of women not Athenian, are declared free

* It is stated in every *Life of Pericles* that he obtained the enactment of it. This is incorrect. The law was an ancient one, and required fresh vigour and vigilant observance at a time when hostilities were imminent, and when many thousands were residing in the city, who would otherwise have claimed a right to vote as citizens, while their connexions were to be found among the inveterate enemies or the seceding allies of Athens. Long antecedently to the administration of Pericles, it appears that at a certain age the illegitimate were assembled at Cynosarges, in the wrestling-ring dedicated to Hercules, who himself was in that predicament: and these alone entered it. On which occasion Themistocles, his mother being a Thracian, gave the earliest proof of his astuteness, by inviting some of unmixt blood and aristocratical lineage to wrestle with him. It is far from improbable that Pericles insisted the rather on the execution of this law in opposition to Cimon, whose father, Miltiades, had married the daughter of Olorus, a prince of Thrace, and who himself was descended also from a ruler of that nation.

citizens. Many good men, many good mothers, have mourned the degradation of theirs through my severity.

How dear, above the sweetest of Spring, are the blossoms that appear in the less genial hours of winter! how dear, above earth, above all things upon earth (Aspasia will pardon this, whether true or false) is our little Pericles! Am I dreaming when I imagine I see this beautiful boy, with Health and Hope beside him, kneeling on the border of the tomb, and raising up from it a whole family, in long perspective! We were gone, I thought, we were lost for ever. The powerful father merged his whole progeny in utter darkness; an infant shall reclaim it.

No longer is there a cloud upon my brow; no longer is there, I am apt to think, a pestilence in Athens.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

Blessings on the generosity of the Athenians! blessings a thousand fold on the paternal heart of Pericles!

O Pericles! how wrong are all who do not for ever follow Love, under one form or other! There is no God but he, the framer, the preserver of the world, the pure Intelligence! All wisdom that is not enlightened and guided by him is perturbed and perverted. He will shed, O my husband, his brightest tints over our autumnal days. Were we ever happy until now? Ah yes, we were . . but undeserving. A fresh fountain opens before us, subject to no droughts, no overflowings. How gladly, how gratefully, do I offer to immortal Love the first libation!

Come hither, my sweet child! come hither to my heart! thou art man, thou art Athenian, thou art free. We are now beyond the reach, beyond the utmost scope and vision, of Calamity.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Alcibiades is now grown up to the highest beauty of adolescence. I think I should be enamoured of him were I a girl, and disengaged. No, Cleone! the so easy mention of him proves to me that I never should be. He is petulant, arro-

gant, impetuous, and inconsistent. Pericles was always desirous that he should study oratory, in order that it might keep him at home, gratify his vanity the most perfectly and compendiously, and render him master of his own thoughts and those of others. He plainly told Pericles that he could learn little from him except dissimulation.

"Even that," replied Pericles, "is useful and necessary: it proceeds from self-command. Simulation, on the contrary, is falsehood, and easily acquired by the meanest intellect. A powerful man often dissembles: he stands erect in the course of glory, with open brow but with breath suppress: the feebler mind is ready to take refuge in its poverty, under the sordid garb of whining simulation."

He then remarked to Pericles, that his oratory was somewhat like his economy; wanting in copiousness and display.

"Alcibiades!" said my husband, "it is particularly this part of it which I could wish you to adopt. In oratory, there are few who can afford to be frugal: in economy, there are few who can afford to act otherwise than frugally. I am a publick man, and it little becomes me to leave

room for suspicion that, by managing ill my own small affairs, I may be negligent in the greater of the commonwealth. There are kingdoms in Thrace and Asia, where the cares of government are consigned to ministers or satraps, and where it shall be thought honorable and glorious in one of these functionaries to die in debt, after managing the treasury. But surely there is in this no proof whatever that he managed it discreetly: on the contrary, there is a fair presumption that, neglecting his household, he left the community in worse disorder. Unquestionably he was a dishonest man, to incur a debt beyond the extent of his estate. Forbearance from accumulation in his own house, can hardly be deemed a merit by the most inconsiderate, in one who can unlock the treasury to every relative, every friend, every associate, and every dependent. Such persons will generally be found to have been gamesters and prodigals, and to have entrusted the subordinate branches of publick concerns to servants, as unfaithful and improvident as those menials who administered their own: and the reigns of the princes who employed them, if recorded at all, are recorded as prodigies of expenditure, profligacy, and disaster.

"Aristides died poor: but Aristides never was rich: he threw away nothing but his good example. And was his the fault there? He was frugal, he was provident: every action he performed, every word he uttered, will excite, inform, and direct, remotest generations. Thus indeed it cannot properly be said that, however now neglected, his example was thrown away. Like the seeds of plants which a beneficent God hath scattered throughout the earth, although many fail to come up in the season of their sowing, or soon after, yet do they not decay and perish, but germinate in the sterilest soils many ages later. Aristides will be forefather to many brave and honest men not descended from his lineage nor his country: he will be the founder of more than nations: he will give body, vitality, and activity, to sound principles. Had he merely been a philosopher, he could effect little of this; commander as he was, imperial Persia served only for a mirror to reflect his features from Attica on the world."

Alcibiades, in several parts of this discourse had given signs of weariness and impatience. Pericles perceived it, and reverted to Aristides. At every word that was now spoken he grew

more and more animated: at the close he sprang up, seized the hand of Pericles, and told him he would listen as long as he went on in that manner.

"Speak to the purpose, as you have begun to do, and all about Aristides, and I shall like you better than Aspasia. I think, after all, I may perhaps let you be my teacher." He said this laughing.

My husband replied,

"I will not undertake it, Alcibiades! Peradventure I may offer you, from time to time, a little at once, some serviceable observations, some fruits of my experience: but it is only to grace and beauty that your restless intractable mind is obedient for an hour."

"Call me any thing, do any thing, or nothing," said the youth, "if you will only give me such a smile again."

"Go and ride into the country," said my husband, as he was rising. "If you retain your high opinion of me on your return, you will find me at leisure to continue. I leave you, for the present, with Aristides."

Away he went, without a word more to either

of us. When he was out of the apartment, Pericles said, after a thoughtful and serious pause,

"He is as beautiful, playful, and uncertain, as any half-tamed young tiger, feasted and caressed on the royal carpets of Persepolis: not even Aspasia will ever quite subdue him."

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

I shall never more be in fear about you, my Aspasia! Frolicksome and giddy as you once appeared to me, at no time of your life could Alcibiades have interested your affections. You will be angry with me when I declare to you that I do not believe you ever were in love. The renown and genius of Pericles won your imagination: his preference, his fondness, his constancy, hold, and will for ever hold, your heart. The very beautiful rarely love at all. Those precious images are placed above the reach of the Passions: Time alone is permitted to efface them; Time, the father of the gods, and even *their* consumer.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Angry! yes indeed, very angry am I: but let me lay all my anger in the right place. I was often jealous of your beauty, and I have told you so a thousand times. Nobody for many years ever called me so beautiful as Cleone; and when some people did begin to call me so, I could not believe them. Few will allow the first to be first; but the second and third are universal favorites. We are all insurgents against the despotism of excellence.

Ah Cleone! if I could divide my happiness with you, I do think I should have much to give you. I would demand a good deal of your sound judgment for it; but you should have it. We both of us value our beauty, I suspect, less than we used to do, which is certainly wrong; for whatever we may be told, or may tell ourselves, we have rather a scantier store of it. However, we are not yet come to the last loaf in the citadel.

I did not see Alcibiades again, that day or the following. When he came to me, he told me he was ashamed of having said an uncivil thing.

"Of which are you ashamed?" said I, "O Alcibiades! for there were several not distinguished for courtesy."

"As usual, in good humour, which always punishes me," said he. "But I remember I made a rude observation on what lies within your department."

"Economy?" said I.

Before he could answer me, Pericles, informed that Alcibiades had enquired for him, entered the apartment.

"I am glad you are come in," cried he; "for although I have taken two days to collect my courage and words, I think I shall have more of both, now you are present."

He then began his apology, which Pericles thus interrupted.

"Be prepared for chastisement: I shall impose a heavy mulct on your patience. I shall render an account to you of my administration, and I hope you will permit it to pass.

"I have a son, as you know, in whose character parsimony is not among the more prominent virtues. I am unwilling to shock him by it, which is always apt to occasion a rebound to the oppo-

site side: and I am equally unwilling to offer an example or pretext for luxury and expense. My own character will permit neither. I never gave a splendid feast: I never gave a sparing entertainment: I never closed my dining-room to a man of elegant manners or of sound information. I have not the ample fortune of our cousin Cimon, who always used it magnificently: and glad am I that I have it not; for it would oblige me to receive many who must disgust me, and who would occupy more hours of my leisure than I can spare. My system of domestick life has produced me contentment and happiness. May yours, my dear Alcibiades, whether like it or unlike it, do the same!"

"Thank you!" said he carelessly, and added, "But your manner of speaking, which we first began to talk about, the other day, is proper only for yourself. In any other man it would be ridiculous. Were I to employ it, people would believe I assumed the character of Jupiter or Hermes walking among mortals. Aspasia's is good enough for me. Many think her language as pure and elegant as yours: and I have never known it enrage and terrify men as yours does."

"Study then Aspasia in preference," said he. "You possess already some of her advantages. A beautiful mouth is always eloquent: its defects are but tropes and figures. Let us try together which can imitate her best. Neither of us hath ever seen her out of temper, or forgetful what argument to urge first and most forcibly. When we have much to say, the chief difficulty is to hold back some favourite thought, which presses to come on before its time, and thereby makes a confusion in the rest. If you are master of your temper, and conscious of your superiority, the words and thoughts will keep their ranks, and will come into action with all their energy, compactness, and weight. Never attempt to alter your natural tone of voice; never raise it above its pitch: let it at first be somewhat low and slow. This appears like diffidence; and men are obliged to listen the more attentively that they may hear it. Beginning with attention, they will retain it during the whole speech: but attention is with difficulty caught in the course of one.

"I am intruding a little on the province of Aspasia. If she approves of my advice, pursue it; if she disapproves, be sure I have spoken

inconsiderately, although I fancy I have observed such effects on several occasions."

He ceased: I enforced as well as I could his admonition. But Alcibiades, with grace nearly equal, wants his gravity; and, if ever he should be his successor in the administration of the Republick, he must become so by other methods.

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Proxenus is sailing back to Massilia. Before he left us, he collected a large cargo of *Inscriptions*, chiefly poetical. In Massilia these matters are curiosities. The people, who cannot have them fresh, are glad to accept them dry, although, according to Proxenus, they are little acute in relishing or distinguishing them.

In his last conversation with me, he gave evidence that, should he ever fail as a merchant, he hopes to make his fortune as a critick. Among his remarks was this.

"I cannot for my life imagine why Zephyr is such a favourite with the poets."

I answered that we Ionians were always shy

of him; but that in other parts, and especially toward Gaul and Italy, he certainly was better behaved.

"Better behaved!" cried Proxenus. "By the Twins! he hath split my sail more than once."

To comfort him, I replied, "He has done that with his best friends, O Proxenus!"

"And no longer ago," continued he, "than last Boedromion, he carried off my nether garment that was drying upon deck."

"Ah! there," said I, "mischievous as he is, he could not do the same to them without homicide: few of them have one to spare."

At the recollection or his superior wealth and dignity, he grew composed again. The gods grant him a prosperous voyage! Ere this letter shall reach Athens, he must be almost as far as Cythera. What labours and perils do seafaring men undergo! What marvels are ships! They travel in a month farther than the fleetest horse can do; to such perfection have they been brought, and such confidence is there now in human courage and skill. As there hath been little or no improvement in them for some centuries, we may suppose that, contrary to all other inventions, the

ingenuity of mortals can do nothing more for them.

I forgot to mention of Proxenus, what may-be it were better not to mention at all, that he is reported to have broken off the extremity of a leaf or two on some curious old vases, and a particle of a volute* from a small column at the corner of a lane. Nothing can so distinctly prove, say the Lampsacenes, that Proxenus has a few drops of barbarian blood in him. Genuine Greeks may travel through all the world, and see every vase, every column, every statue, worth seeing in its whole circumference, without a thought of mutilation. Those people who cannot keep their hands from violating the purest works of ancient days, ought, if there are not too many of them, to be

* One Eyles Irwin, who was not poor nor quite uneducated, ells us in his *Travels* that he broke off a volute *as a relick* from what was called *Pompey's Pillar*. This happened so lately as the last century. We are, it seems, about to remove from Egypt the obelisk named *Cleopatra's Needle*. Do we believe that Egypt is never to come to life again? It may be some hundreds, it may be some thousands of years: but these are to the glories of Egypt as pounds are to our national debt . . itself so glorious, and which has constituted our glorious men! Are we sure that the Genius who created these eternal works, derives no portion of his beatitude from the hourly contemplation of them, in the country were they were formed and fixed?

confined in separate cages, among the untameable specimens of zoology.

The Lampsacenes, you see by this, are not averse to protect the Arts.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

I have found eight verses, of which I send you only the four last. So entirely do they express what I have felt, it seems as if I myself had composed them.

They who tell us that love and grief are without fancy and invention, never knew invention and fancy, never felt grief and love.

The thorns that pierce most deep are prest
Only the closer to the breast:
To dwell on them is now relief,
And tears alone are balm to grief!

You perhaps will like these better, Aspasia! though very unlike in sentiment and expression.

1.

Pyrrha! your smiles are gleams of sun
That after one another run
Incessantly, and think it fun.

2.

Pyrrha! your tears are short sweet rain
That glimmering on the flower-lit plain
Zephyrs kiss back to heaven again.

3.

Pyrrha! both anguish me: do please
To shed but (if you wish me ease)
Twenty of those, and two of these.

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Ships are passing and repassing through the Hellespont, all hours of the day; some of them from the Piræus, urging the allies of Athens to come forward in her defence; others from the Peloponese, inciting them to rise up in arms, and at once to throw off allegiance.

Would there be half this solicitude in either of the belligerants to be virtuous and happy, supposing it possible to persuade the one or the other that she might be, and without an effort? supposing it, in other words, to be quite as easy and pleasant to receive a truth as an untruth. Would these mariners and soldiers, and those statesmen who send them out, exert half the anxiety, half the energy and prowess, to extinguish the conflagration of a friend's house in the neighbourhood, as they are exerting now to lay in ashes all the habitations that lie beyond it? And such are

brave men, such are wise men, such are the rulers of the world! Well hath it been said by some old poet,

> Men let themselves slide onward by degrees
> Into the depths of madness; one bold spring
> Back from the verge, had saved them . . but it seems
> There dwells rare joy within it!
> . . . . . O thou Sire
> Of Gods and mortals, let the blighting cloud
> Pass over me! O grant me wholesome rest
> And innocent uprisings, although call'd
> The only madman on thy reeling earth!

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

It is well that you are removed from the city, and that the enemies of Athens pay respect either to your birth-place or your wisdom, either to your celebrity or your confidence. I remember that, speaking of the human form and countenance, both as existing in life and represented in the ideal, you remarked that the perfection of beauty is what is farthest from all similitude to the brutes. Surely then, in like manner, the perfection of our moral nature is in our remoteness from all similitude to their propensities. Now the worst propensity of the worst beasts is bloodshed, for which we pursue

them as nearly as we can to extermination, but which they never commit with so little urgency, or to so great an extent, as we do. Until we bring ourselves at least to an equality with them, we can hardly be said to have made much progress in wisdom. It will appear wonderful, and perhaps incredible, to future generations, that what are now considered the two highest gifts of man, oratory and poetry, should be employed, the one chiefly in exciting, the other in emblazoning, deeds of slaughter and devastation. If we could see in the nature of things, a child capable of forming a live tiger, and found him exercising his power of doing it, I think we should say to him,

You might employ your time better, child!

But then, Aspasia, we must not be orators nor poets, nor hope for any estimation in the state. Beware how you divulge this odd opinion; or you may be accused, as before, of crimes against the purity of morals, against the customs of our forefathers, and against the established and due veneration of the gods. I hardly know what I am treading on, when I make a single step toward philosophy. On sand I fear it is; and, whether the impression be shallow or profound, the eternal tide of human

passions will cover and efface it. There are many who would be vext and angry at this, and would say, in the bitterness of their hearts, that they have spent their time in vain. Aspasia! Aspasia! they have indeed, if they are angry or vext about it.

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

We are now so near winter that there may not be, after the vessel which is about to sail, any more of them bound for Athens, all the remainder of the year. And who knows what another may bring or take away?

I remain in health, but feeble. Life slips from me softly and imperceptibly. I am unwilling to tire myself by blowing a fire which must soon go out, whether I blow it or not. Had I any species of curiosity to send you, were it pebble, sea-weed, or new book, I would send it; not (for it is idle to talk so) as a memorial of me. If the friend is likely to be forgotten, can we believe that any thing he has about him will repose a longer time on the memory?

Thus far I had written, when my strength failed me. Stesicles and Apollodorus have told me I must prepare for a voyage. The passage is neither so broad nor so stormy as the Hellespont.

I was resolved not to go until I had looked in my garden for some anemonies, which I recollected to have seen blossoming the other day. It occurred to me that usually they appear in spring; so does poetry. I will present to you a little of both; for the first time. They are of equal value; and are worth about as much as the pebble, or the sea-weed, or the new book.

> Where are the blooms of many dyes
> That used in every path to rise?
> Whither are gone the lighter hours?
> What leave they? . . I can only send
> My wisest, loveliest, latest friend
> These weather-worn and formless flowers.

Think me happy that I am away from Athens; I, who always lose my composure in the presence of crime or calamity. If any one should note to you my singularities, remembering me a year hence, as I trust you and Pericles will do, add to them, but not aloud, a singularity of felicity, "*He neither lived nor died with the multitude.* There are however some Clazomenians who know that Anaxagoras was of Clazomenai.

ALCIBIADES TO PERICLES.

You commanded me, O Pericles, that I should write to you, whenever I found an opportunity on land. Phormio cast anchor before Naupactus: we command the Gulph of Crissa, and check the movements of the Corinthians. The business of blockading is little to my mind. Writing is almost as insufferable: it is the only thing I do not willingly undertake when my friends desire it. Beside, I have nothing in the world to write about. We have done little but sink a few vessels and burn a few villages. It is really a hard matter to find a table to write upon, so quick and so complete is the devastation. I fancied war had something in it more animating and splendid. The people of the Peloponese are brave, however. They sometimes ask for their children, (if very young,) but never for their lives. Why cannot we think them as little worth taking as they of giving?

I am heartily tired of this warfare; and Phormio has told me, in plain words, he is heartily tired of *me*. Upon this I requested his permission to join without delay our army before Potidæa. I expected not only an uncivil refusal, but a sharp rebuke.

"The gods have begun to favour us!" cried Phormio. "This offer is better than the luckiest omen. Alcibiades! thou art the whitest of white birds; and thy flight, whichever wind it float upon, is worth a victory."

I would have been angry; but laughter sprang uppermost; so throwing my arms round old Phormio's neck, I almost pulled him down with it.

"How now, strippling," cried he, as willing to be angry as I was, "All this buffoonery before the commander of the fleet!"

ALCIBIADES TO PERICLES.

Hardly could it have been expected that *the whitest of white birds* should have been so speedily on the wing. The day had not closed when Phormio told me, that, knowing my fickleness, he had given orders for my voyage back. Every voyage is prosperous that brings me within sight of an enemy worth seeing. Brave fellows these Potidæans! They never lose their appetite, even in the greatest want of air and exercise. You, who hear every thing, must know that they eat one

another, rather than surrender. I have been but three days in the camp, where, to my delight, I found the brave and kindly Socrates. Do you disapprove of my renewing my intimacy with Philosophy in the midst of battles? Let Philosophy then stand aside; and behold in her place the defender of his country and the saviour of his friend.

The morning after my arrival, the Potidæans burst forth with incredible bravery from their gates, overthrowing all opposition. Now was my time. The heavy-armed in general, being old soldiers, were somewhat slower; and many of the enemy were assailing me when they came up: nor indeed was it then in sufficient force. I was wounded and overthrown, and, at the beginning, stunned: but presently I fancied I heard the sound of a brisk sword on armour over me, and felt something heavy fall on my legs. I was drawn forcibly from under the last of my antagonists. Socrates raised me up, and defended me from the weapons of not a few, unwilling to retire and irresolute to renew the engagement.

I write now, because I am so wounded I can do nothing else.

PERICLES TO ALCIBIADES.

You are courageous, my Alcibiades, to a degree which I hardly ever observed in another. This alone induces me to doubt whether you will become, so soon as we both of us wish it, an accomplished and perfect soldier. To rush against the enemy before your comrades, is not indeed quite so unseemely as to lag behind; yet it may be even more detrimental in an officer. With old troops, who know their duty, it is always so: with younger alone, who want encouragement, it may not be. Socrates deserved the first honours in the action: his modesty and his affection transferred them to the imprudent and the vanquished, whom he rescued from the shame of rashness and the wretchedness of captivity. With all my fondness for you, I could not have given you my vote; and, had I commanded against Potidæa, I must have reproved you in presence of the army.

Never, O Alcibiades, inflict on me the misery of passing so severe a sentence. I praised you before others did; I condemn you after them. Your high spirit deserved its reward; your temerity its rebuke. I, who have been the careful guardian

of your fortune, am the more anxious one of your safety and of your fame. In my former letter I gave unobstructed way to the more pleasurable emotions: and, in every one that I shall have occasion to write to you hereafter, I am confident of the same enjoyment. Reply to me, in those, as your friend, your comrade, the partaker of your pains and pleasures, and at most the director of your studies. But here, my Alcibiades, we must be grave and serious: I must, for once, not guide, but dictate: no answer is here admissible, excepting the answer of a soldier to his general.

ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Did I tell you, O Aspasia, we were free and remote from the calamities of war? We were. The flute and the tymbrel and the harp alone were heard along our streets; and the pavement bestrewn with cistus and lavender and myrtle, which grow profusely on the rocks behind us. Melanthus had arrived from the Chersonese to marry Phanera; and his friend Sosigenes had determined to be united on the same day with her sister Eurycleia.

Those who have seen them say that they were the prettiest girls in the city: they were also the happiest: but less happy than their lovers, who however owned at present but a part of the happiness to either. They were sworn friends from early youth, and had not met since, but always had corresponded.

Why cannot men draw a line against war as against plague, and shut up the infected? Instead of which, they are proud of being like the dogs in the worst feature: rushing forth into every affray and taking part in it instantly with equal animosity. I wish we had arrived at such a degree of docility, and had advanced so many steps in improvement that by degrees we might hope to acquire any thing better of these good creatures. We have the worst of every beast and the best of none.

This is not, O Aspasia! my usual tone of thinking and discoursing: nor is what has happened here among the usual occurrences of my life. The generous heart needs little to be reminded what are the embraces of young and ardent friends; and the withered one could ill represent them.

Eurycleia, in the silence of fondness, in the ful-

ness of content, was holding the hand of her Melanthus. Love has few moments more sweet, Philosophy none more calm. That moment was interrupted by the entrance of Sosigenes: and composure was exchanged for rapture by the friendly soul of Melanthus. Yes, yes, Aspasia! friendship, even in the young, may be more animated than love itself. It was not long, however.

"Where is Phanera?"

"I will call her," said Eurycleia, and went out.

Phanera, whether fond of ornament, I know not, and ambitious to surpass her sister and enchant her lover, came not speedily, nor indeed did Eurycleia very soon, for it was not at first that she could find her. Conversation had begun in the meanwhile about the war. Melanthus was a little more vehement than the mildness of his nature, it is said, ever allowed him before, and blamed the Corinthians for inciting so many states to hostility. Often had Sosigenes been looking toward the door, expecting his Phanera, and now began to grow impatient. The words of Melanthus, who felt the cruelty of war chiefly because it would separate the two sisters and the two

friends, touched the pride of Sosigenes. Unable to moderate his temper, now excited by the absence of Phanera after the sister had some time returned, he said fiercely,

"It is well to blame the citizens of the noblest city upon earth, for not enduring an indignity. It is well; but in slaves alone, or viler dependents."

"Sosigenes! Sosigenes!" cried Melanthus, starting up and rushing toward him. At that instant the impetuous Sosigenes, believing violence was about to follow affront, struck him with his dagger to the heart.

"I could not then calm thy anger with my embrace! O too unhappy friend!" while the blood gurgled through the words, sobbed forth Melanthus.

ALCIBIADES TO PERICLES.

Pericles! I did wrong and rashly. The praises of the Athenians are to me as the hum of insects: they linger in my ear, but are senseless and unexciting. I swear to you I will do better, but I must see you before I go.

Aspasia, whose letter you have sent me since, is even more severe than you have been; and she has neither right nor reason. She is the only woman upon earth that ever railed at rashness, the only one that could distinguish it from fortitude. But every man must be rash once: it saves him from as much inconvenience and mischief as being oftener rash would incur.

Do not consider this nonsense as vindication or reply: let it not stand in the way of your pardon.

ASPASIA TO ALCIBIADES.

Are you not ashamed, young man, to leave the aged behind you, with all their wounds, merely to show how dexterous you are become in the management of your sword? Unworthy Alcibiades! Do not expect that the Athenians, with all their levity and inconsiderateness, will award to you the honour of superiority in valour. Socrates well deserved it; not for saving a life which on the next occasion will be thrown away, but for giving to every one capable of profiting by it, an

example of steadiness and constancy. Pericles, I hope, will not allow you to disembark, until you have acquired the rudiments of discipline, in the only art in which you ever seemed likely to excell Have you forgotten too that the pestilence is raging in the city? O rash Alcibiades! the sight of Pericles himself, to you at least, could hardly have been worth so desperate a hazard. But Pericles will reprove you, confident boy! Let me hear no more of you until I have heard that he has granted you his forgiveness.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

Censure not too severely, O my Pericles, your inconsiderate cousin! In these days, when so many of your adherents are fallen, some by the fever, some by war, we must be parsimonious in the treasury of friendship, at all times far from inexhaustible.

A hunded men of more wisdom and more virtue than Alcibiades would prevail much less with the multitude, should any thing sinister befall you. May the gods avert it! but I always fear some-

thing; and, what certainly is more foolish, I fancy my presence could avert from you any calamity. I wish I were persuaded that the immortals hear us: I would then so perpetually pray for you as hardly to give myself time to read your letters; and you should quarrel with the shortness of mine. But reason, which strengthens our religion, weakens our devotion. Happy are those who have retained throughout life their infantine simplicity, which nurses a tractable idol in an unsuspicious bosom, is assured it knows and heeds the voice addressing it, and shuts it up again with a throb of joy, and keeps it warm. For this, the mind must be nurtured to the last with the same milky food as in childhood; the gods must have their tangible images and must laugh to us out of ivy and flowers.

Thinking of you, I had forgotten that I began to write in favour of Alcibiades. Lest, by taxing him with impetuosity and imprudence, you should alienate his fickle mind, I myself have written to him with quite enough severity. At least I think so: you shall judge for yourself. When you have perused it, let it go to him instantly; for here we are uncertain at what point the troops will land from Potidæa. I shall be grieved if anything happens to

him. He has more life in him than is enough to animate a city; yet the point of an arrow may extinguish it in an instant. With however long experience before us, we might yet wonder that what is so animated should ever cease at all. You men often talk of glorious death, of death met bravely for your country. I too have been warmed by the bright idea in oratory and poetry; but ah! my dear Pericles, I would rather read it on an ancient tomb than a recent one.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

I had already warned Alcibiades of his imprudence and irregularity. Your letter will ensure his correction. The reply he sent me is worthy of a man formed for command. We must watch over him: he will do great good or great evil. Those who are most capable of both, always end miserably; for, although they may have done many things well, yet the first or second that they do badly is their ruin. They know not whom to chose as their follower up the scaling-ladder, nor when to loosen their grasp of the pinnacle. In-

tractable as you may think Alcibiades, there is not a youth in Athens so easily led away by a weaker judgment than his own. He wishes to excel in every thing, and succeeds: but this wish brings him into contact with too many; and he cannot at present push them off far enough from him to see plainly and distinctly what they are. He will soon stand above them and know them better.

I must leave off: the dying call me forth. Blessings on my Aspasia, and her little Athenian!

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

The verses I shall presently write out for you, at the bottom of my letter, are composed, as you will perceive, in the broadest Darian, on the extraordinary death of Eschylus. Probably the unhappy poet was murdered by some enemy or some robber. He was found with his skull fractured, and, it may be, with a tortoise near him. But who in the world can believe that an eagle dropped it from above? that the quickest in sight of all animals mistook a bald head for a rock? And did ever man walk in the fields of

Sicily with his head uncovered? If he did, his death might easily be accounted for, without a tortoise or eagle. Whenever I find a book containing this gross absurdity, I instantly throw it aside, as the effusion of an idle and silly writer, and am well assured it must be incapable of instructing or interesting me.

The petulant author of the verses you will find below, is evidently a disappointed poet. Hiero and Theron could never treat Eschylus with neglect or with indifference. Little as may be our regard and our respect for royalty, we hardly can suppose any king, who knows Greek, so barbarous and stupid, as to fancy in himself a nobility more exalted than in Eschylus, or gifted by the gods with a higher office, than stewardship to the greatest of men among whom he himself is the richest.

1.

Bard of Eleusis! art thou dead
  So strangely! can it be
An eagle dropt upon thy head
  A tortoise? no, not he.

2.

They who devised the fable, marr'd
  The moral of their song:
They meant the eagle by the bard,
  But placed the creature wrong.

3.

Quickest in courts those ever move
Whom nature made most slow:
Tortoise wears plumes and springs above
While eagle moults below.

ALCIBIADES TO PERICLES.

Pray why did you tell Phanomachus to station some confidential one near me, who should be an eternal check on me? There is little chance that I should do any thing extravagant, unless the Potidæans invite me to dinner and I accept the invitation. I will not allow any man to defend me before I stand in need of defence, and before I have deserved to save my life by proving it worth something. I should quarrel with Socrates himself, much more with another, presuming to take what belongs to me, of danger or of glory. It is not kind in you, nor open, nor prudent. Would you wish any one to say, "Pericles takes care of his own relatives!" This ought only to be said of the vilest men in the worst governments; and of you until now it never could be. You have given no such orders in regard to Xanthippus.

He may be as rash and violent as he pleases. Even here he dares to call me *Neaniskos* and *Kouridion* and *Ta paidika.** By Castor! if he were not the son of Pericles, his being my cousin should not save from a stroke of the sabre that fierce disdainful visage. I promise you it shall soon be seen which of us is the braver and the better man. I would not say this to you unless that you might let him know my sentiments. I have no words, written or spoken, for the contumelious: my complaints are for the ear of those only who are kind to me.

PERICLES TO ALCIBIADES.

Do not think, my Alcibiades, that I recommended you to the guardianship of Phanomachus, in order that he should exercise over you a troublesome vigilance of control, or indulge toward you an unmilitary partiality. But I am more intimate with him than I am with Xenophon or Aristoclides or Hestiodorus :† and having sons, he knows that

* This expression was usually reproachful; not always; as we see in Plato.

† These three were appointed to commands with Phanomachus.

restraints are often necessary on the impatience of military ardour.

Your letter is a proof that I judged rightly. My praises of your valour are lost amidst those of the army and of the city; but the delight it has given me is, I am confident, one among the thoughts that have assuaged your wounds. On your return, the citizens will express their sense of your conduct.

Endeavour to prove, now that you are acknowledged to be the first in bravery, that you are more discreet than Xanthippus. Many in every army are so nearly on an equality in courage, that any attempt of theirs to show a superiority is ineffectual. Unbecoming language can neither prove nor disprove it, but must detract from its worth and merit. Discretion, on the contrary, is the sure sign of that presence of mind without which valour strikes untimely and impotently. Judgment alone makes courage available, and conciliates power with genius. Consider that you never will have attained the scope of your ambition, until you lead and govern those men against whom your passions now exasperate you: and, unless you do conciliate them, you never can in-

duce them to acknowledge your superiority, much less submit to your governance. It is best the germs of power should spring forth early, that they may have time enough for gaining strength: therefore I write to you, no longer as a youth in pupilage, but as a candidate for the highest offices of the commonwealth.

Try whether your forbearance may not produce a better effect on Xanthippus than my remonstrances. I write to you rather than to him, because I rely more firmly on your affection. Be worthy of such a secret, O Alcibiades! and think how highly I must esteem your prudence and manliness, when I delegate to you, who are the younger, the power of correcting in him the faults which I have been unable to eradicate or suppress. Go, and, in the spirit with which I send it, give my love to Xanthippus. He may neglect it, he may despise it, he may cast it away, but I will gather it all up again for him: you must help me.

ALCIBIADES TO PERICLES.

Pericles, I was much edified by your letter; but, pardon me, when I came to the close of it I thought you rather mad.

"What!" said I, "beard this panther!"

However, when I had considered a little more and a little better, I went to him and delivered your love. He stared at me, and then desired to see the direction. "Ay," said he, "I remember the handwriting. He oftener writes to me than I to him. I suppose he has less to do and less to think of."

The few other words he added are hardly worth the trouble of repetition. In fact, they were not very filial. Dear Pericles! I would love him, were it only out of perversity. But, beside all other rights over me, you have made me more disposed than ever to obey you, in making me more contented with myself, as you have by this commission. I may do something yet, if we can but fumigate or pray away the plague. Of two thousand four hundred soldiers, who landed but forty days before me, from the Bosphorus under the command of Agnon, son of Nikias, one thousand and fifty are already dead. I shall have nobody to persuade or manage, or even to fight with, if we go on so.

ALCIBIADES TO PERICLES.

Potidæa has surrendered. The dead of the city are scarcely more shadows than the living, and yet how bravely they fought to the last. I should have been sorry for them a few months ago; but I have now learned what it is to be a soldier. We must rise superior to pain, and then take another flight, farther afield, and rise superior to pity. Beside the Potidæans were traitors; and next they were against us: and furthermore, they were so wicked as to eat one another, rather than submit. This shows their malice. Now we have done nothing half so bad toward them; and I assure you, if others are disposed to such cruelty, I will take no part in it. For who would ever kiss me afterward?

PERICLES TO ALCIBIADES.

The remembrance of past days that were happy, increases the gloominess of those that are not, and intercepts the benefits of those that would be.

In the midst of the plague this reflection strikes me, on the intelligence I have received from Lampsacus. You likewise will be sorry, O Alcibiades, to hear that Anaxagoras is dying. Although he seldom conversed with you, and seldom commended you in private, yet, believe me, he never omitted an occasion of pointing out to your friends any sign you had manifested of ability or virtue. He declined the character of teacher, yet few have taught so much, wherever his wisdom was accessible. Philosophers there have been indeed, at Athens and elsewhere, earnest in the discovery and in the dissemination of truth; but, excepting Thales and Pherecydes, none among them has been free from ostentation, or from desire of obtaining the absolute and exclusive possession of weak and ductile minds. Now the desire of great influence over others is praiseworthy only where great good to the community may arise from it. To domineer in the arbitrary sway of a dogmatical and grasping, yet loose and empty-handed philosophy, which never bears upon inventions and uses, nor elevates nor tranquilizes the mind; and to look upon ourselves with a sweet complacency from so petty an eminence, is worse

than boyish ambition. To call idlers and stragglers to us, and to sit among them and regale on their wonder, is the selfishness of an indigent and ill-appointed mind. Anaxagoras was subject to none of these weaknesses, nor to the greater of condescending to reprove, or to argue with, those who are. He made every due allowance for our infirmities of understanding, and variations of temper, the effect of them; and he was no less friendly toward those who differed widely in opinion from him, than toward those who quite agreed. When a friend of his was admiring and praising him for it, he interrupted him saying,

"Why not? Is it not too self-evident for language, that, if I had taken the same road, I should have gone in the same direction? and would not the same direction have led to the same conclusion?"

Yes, Alcibiades! it is indeed self-evident, and, were it spoken unwarily, it would be reprehended for being so: and yet scarcely one man in ten millions acts consistently upon it.

There are humanities, my friend, which require our perpetual recollection, and are needful to compensate, in some measure, for those many others

we must resign, to the necessities and exactions of war.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Serene and beautiful are our autumnal days in Thessaly. We have many woods about us, and many woodland sounds among them. In this season of the year I am more inclined to poetry than in any other; and I want it now more than ever to flow among my thoughts, and to bear up the heavier.

I hesitate, O Cleone, to send you what I have been writing. You will say it is a strange fancy of mine, and fitter for me in those earlier hours of life, when we were reposing in the Island.

Nothing, I must confess, would be more ill-placed than a *Drama* or *Dialogue* in the world below; at least if the Shades entered into captious disquisitions or frivolous pleasantries. But we believe that our affections outlive us, and that Love is not a stranger in Elysium. Humours, the idioms of life, are lost in the transition, or are generalized in the concourse and conver-

gency of innumerable races: passions, the universal speech, are throughout intelligible.

The Genius of Homer is never to be gainsaid by us: and he shows us how heroes, and women worthy of heroes, felt and reasoned. A long dialogue, a formal drama, would be insupportable; but perhaps a single scene may win attention and favour from my own Cleone.

I imagine then Agamemnon to descend from his horrible death, and to meet instantly his daughter. By the nature of things, by the suddenness of the event, Iphigeneia can have heard nothing of her mother's double crime, adultery and murder.

I suspend my pen. Although I promised you, in the morning, my short Acherusian scene, I am almost ready to retract my words. Everybody has found out that I am deficient in tenderness. While I was writing, I could not but shed tears . . just as priests do libations, you will say, to save other people the trouble.

THE SHADES OF AGAMEMNON AND OF IPHIGENEIA.

IPHIGENEIA.

Father! I now may lean upon your breast,
And you with unreverted eyes will grasp
Iphigeneia's hand.

We are not shades
Surely! for yours throbs yet.
And did my blood
Win Troy for Greece?
Ah! 'twas ill done, to shrink;
But the sword gleam'd so sharp; and the good priest
Trembled, and Pallas frown'd above, severe.

AGAMEMNON.

Daughter!

IPHIGENEIA.

Beloved father! is the blade
Again to pierce a bosom now unfit
For sacrifice? no blood is in its veins,
No god requires it here: here are no wrongs
To vindicate, no realms to overthrow.
You standing as at Aulis in the fane,
With face averted, holding (as before)
My hand; but yours burns not, as then it burn'd;
This alone shows me we are with the blest,
Nor subject to the sufferings we have borne.
I will win back past kindness.
Tell me then,
Tell how my mother fares who loved me so,
And griev'd, as 'twere for you, to see me part.
Frown not, but pardon me for tarrying
Amid too idle words, nor asking how
She prais'd us both (which most?) for what we did.

AGAMEMNON.

Ye gods who govern here! do human pangs
Reach the pure soul thus far below? do tears
Spring in these meadows?

IPHIGENEIA.

No, sweet father, no . .
I could have answered that; why ask the gods?

AGAMEMNON.

Iphigeneia! O my child! the Earth
Has gendered crimes unheard-of heretofore,
And nature may have changed in her last depths,
Together with the Gods and all their laws.

IPHIGENEIA.

Father we must not let you here condemn;
Not, were the day less joyful: recollect
We have no wicked here; no king to judge.
Poseidon, we have heard, with bitter rage
Lashes his foaming steeds against the skies,
And, laughing with loud yell at winged fire,
Innoxious to his fields and palaces
Affrights the eagle from the sceptred hand;
While Pluto, gentlest brother of the three
And happiest in obedience, views sedate
His tranquil realm, nor envies theirs above.
No change have we, not even day for night
Nor spring for summer.
All things are serene,
Serene too be your spirit! None on earth
Ever was half so kindly in his house,
And so compliant, even to a child.
Never was snatcht your robe away from me,
Though going to the council. The blind man
Knew his good king was leading him indoors,
Before he heard the voice that marshal'd Greece.
Therefore all prais'd you.
Proudest men themselves
In others praise humility, and most
Admire it in the scepter and the sword.
What then can make you speak thus rapidly
And briefly? in your step thus hesitate?
Are you afraid to meet among the good
Incestuous Helen here?

AGAMEMNON.

Oh! Gods of Hell!

IPHIGENEIA.

She hath not past the river.
We may walk
With our hands linkt nor feel our house's shame.

AGAMEMNON.

Never mayst thou, Iphigeneia! feel it!
Aulis had no sharp sword, thou wouldst exclaim,

Greece no avenger . . I, her chief so late,
Through Erebus, Elysium, writhe beneath it.

IPHIGENEIA.

Come; I have better diadems than those
Of Argos and Mycenai . . come away,
And I will weave them for you on the bank.
You will not look so pale when you have walked
A little in the grove, and have told all
Those sweet fond words the widow sent her child.

AGAMEMNON.

Oh Earth! I suffered less upon thy shores!

Aside.

The bath that bubbled with my blood, the blows
That split it (O worse torture!) must she know?
Ah! the first woman coming from Mycenai
Will pine to pour this poison in her ear,
Taunting sad Charon for his slow advance.
Iphigeneia!

IPHIGENEIA.

Why thus turn away?
Calling me with such fondness! I am here,
Father! and where you are, will ever be.

AGAMEMNON.

Thou art my child . . yes, yes, thou art my child.
All was not once what all now is! Come on,
Idol of love and truth! my child! my child!

(*Alone.*)

Fell woman! ever false! false was thy last
Denunciation, as thy bridal vow;
And yet even that found faith with me! The dirk
Which sever'd flesh from flesh, where this hand rests.
Severs not, as thou boastedst in thy scoffs,
Iphigeneia's love from Agamemnon:
The wife's a spark may light, a straw consume,
The daughter's not her heart's whole fount hath quencht,
'Tis worthy of the gods, and lives for ever.

IPHIGENEIA.

What spake my father to the gods above?
Unworthy am I then to join in prayer?
If, on the last, or any day before,
Of my brief course on earth, I did amiss,
Say it at once, and let me be unblest;
But, O my faultless father! why should you?
And shun so my embraces?
Am I wild
And wandering in my fondness?
We are shades!!
Groan not thus deeply; blight not thus the season
Of full orb'd gladness! Shades we are indeed,
But mingled, let us feel it, with the blest.
I knew it, but forgot it suddenly,
Altho' I felt it all at your approach.
Look on me; smile with me at my illusion . .
You are so like what you have ever been
(Except in sorrow!) I might well forget
I could not win you as I used to do.
It was the first embrace since my descent
I ever aim'd at: those who love me live,
Save one, who loves me most, and now would chide me.

AGAMEMNON.

We want not, O Iphigeneia, we
Want not embrace, nor kiss that cools the heart
With purity, nor words that more and more
Teach what we know, from those we know, and sink
Often most deeply where they fall most light,
Time was when for the faintest breath of thine
Kingdom and life were little.

IPHIGENEIA.

Value them
As little now.

AGAMEMNON.

Were life and kingdom all!

IPHIGENEIA.

Ah! by our death many are sad who loved us.
They will be happy too.

Cheer! king of men!
Cheer! there are voices, songs . . Cheer! arms advance.

AGAMEMNON.

Come to me, soul of peace! These, these alone,
These are not false embraces.

IPHIGENEIA.

Both are happy!

AGAMEMNON.

Freshness breathes round me from some breeze above.
What are ye, winged ones! with golden urns?

THE HOURS

(*Descending*).

The Hours . . To each an urn we bring.
Earth's purest gold
Alone can hold
The lymph of the Lethean spring.

We, son of Atreus! we divide
The dulcet from the bitter tide
That runs athwart the paths of men.
No more our pinions shalt thou see.
Take comfort! We have done with thee,
And must away to earth agen.

(*Ascending.*)

Where thou art, thou
Of braided brow!
Thou cull'd too soon from Argive bow'rs!
Where thy sweet voice is heard among
The shades that thrill with choral song,
None can regret the parted Hours.

CHORUS OF ARGIVES.

Maiden! be thou the spirit that breathes
Triumph and joy into our song!
Wear and bestow these amaranth-wreathes,
Iphigeneia! they belong
To none but thee and her who reigns
(Less chaunted) on our bosky plains.

SEMICHORUS.

Iphigeneia! 'tis to thee
Glory we owe and victory.
  Clash, men of Argos, clash your arms
  To martial worth and virgin charms.

OTHER SEMICHORUS.

  Ye men of Argos! it was sweet
To roll the fruits of conquest at the feet
Whose whispering sound made bravest hearts beat fast.
      This we have known at home;
      But hither we are come
To crown the king who ruled us first and last.

CHORUS.

    Father of Argos! king of men!
      We chaunt the hymn of praise to thee.
    In serried ranks we stand agen,
      Our glory safe our country free.
    Clash, clash the arms we bravely bore
    Against Scammander's God-defended shore.

SEMICHORUS.

      Blessed art thou who hast repel'd
Battle's wild fury, Ocean's whelming foam
      Blessed o'er all, to have beheld
Wife, children, house avenged, and peaceful home!

OTHER SEMICHORUS.

      We too, thou seest, are now
    Among the happy, though the aged brow
  From sorrow for us we could not protect,
    Nor on the polisht granite of the well
    Folding our arms, of spoils and perils tell,
  Nor lift the vase on the lov'd head erect.

SEMICHORUS.

  What whirling wheels are those behind?
  What plumes come flaring through the wind,
    Nearer and nearer? From his car
He who defied the heaven-born Powers of war

Pelides springs! But dust are we
To him, O king, who bends the mailed knee,
Proud only to be first in reverent praise of thee.

OTHER SEMICHORUS.

Clash, clash the arms! None other race
Shall see such heroes face to face.
We too have fought; and they have seen
Nor sea-sand grey nor meadow green
Where Dardans stood against their men . .
Clash! Io Pæan! clash agen!
Repinings for lost days repress . .
The flames of Troy had cheer'd us less.

CHORUS.

Hark! from afar more war-steeds neigh,
Thousands o'er thousands rush this way.
Ajax is yonder! ay, behold
The radiant arms of Lycian gold!
Arms from admiring valour won,
Tydeus! and worthy of thy son.
'Tis Ajax wears them now; for he
Rules over Adria's stormy sea.

He threw them to the friend who lost
(By the dim judgment of the host)
Those wet with tears which Thetis gave
The youth most beauteous of the brave.
In vain the insatiate soul would go.
For comfort to his peers below.
Clash! ere we leave them all the plain,
Clash! Io Pæan! once again!

Hide these things away, Cleone! I dare never show them to any but Pericles. I can reach no further than a chorus; hardly that. Tragedy is quite above me: I want the strength, the pathos, the right language. Fie! when there are so many

who would teach me. Concede, that the shades were not happy at once in Elysium; and that the Hours are not more shadowy than they. Eschylus brings into *our* world Beings as allegorical: and where shall we fix a boundary between the allegorical and divine?

ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

You build your nest, Aspasia, like the swallow,
Bringing a little on the bill at once,
And fixing it attentively and fondly,
And trying it, and then from your soft breast
Warming it with the inmost of the plumage.
Nests there are many, of this very year
Many the nests are, which the winds shall shake,
The rains run thro', and other birds beat down;
Yours, O Aspasia! rests against the temple
Of heavenly Love, and thence inviolate,
It shall not fall this winter nor the next.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

The Lacedæmonians, we hear, have occupied not only all Attica, but are about to enter, if they have not entered already, the territory of their confederates, the Thebans, and to join their forces.

Whither will you go, my Aspasia? Thessaly is almost as perilous as Bœotia. It is worse than criminal to be so nearly allied to the greatest man on earth, who must always have the greatest enemies. There are more who will forgive injury than there are who will forgive station: and those who assail in vain the power of Pericles, will exert their abilities in diminishing his equanimity and happiness. I fear your fondness will have induced you again to enter the city, that you may assuage and divide those cares which must weigh heavily on his wisdom and patriotism; and the more, since his health has been undermined by the pestilence. I dare not advise you to forego a duty: but remember he has commanded you to remain away. Your return would afflict him. I am quite incapable of judging for you. Were I with you, then perhaps I might know many things which should influence your decision.

And can two years have passed over since this evil entered your city, without my flying to comfort you? Two years have indeed passed over; but my house too has had its days of mourning. The prayers of my father were heard: he died contentedly, and even joyfully. He told me he

had implored of the gods that they would bestow on me a life as long and happy as his own, and was assured they would. Until we have seen some one grow old, our existence seems stationary. When we feel certain of having seen it (which is not early) the earth begins a little to loosen from us. Nothing now can detain me at Miletus, although when I have visited you I shall return. You must return with me, which you can do from any region but Attica. Pericles will not refuse, for you have already conciliated me his favour. In the meanwhile, do not think yourself bound by the offices of humanity, to bestow those cares on others which are all required for your own family. Do not be so imprudent as to let the most intimate of your friends persuade you to visit them. You have a child, you have a husband, and, without your presence, you possess the means of procuring every human aid for the infected. O that I were with you! to snatch you away from the approach of the distemper. But I sadly fear I should grow hard-hearted toward others, in your danger.

I must be with my Aspasia; and very soon.

O Athens! Athens! are there not too many of

the dead within thy walls already? and are none there who never should have been?*

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

The pestilence has taken from me both my sons. You, who were ever so kind and affectionate to them, will receive a tardy recompence, in hearing that the least gentle and the least grateful did acknowledge it.

I mourn for Paralus, because he loved me; for Xanthippus, because he loved me not.

Preserve with all your maternal care our little Pericles. I cannot be fonder of him than I have always been; I can only fear more for him.

Is he not with my Aspasia? What fears then are so irrational as mine? But oh! I am living in a widowed house, a house of desolation! I am living in a city of tombs and torches! and the last I saw before me were for my children.

* This seems to refer to Xeniades.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

It is right and orderly, that he who has partaken so largely in the prosperity of the Athenians, should close the procession of their calamities. The fever that has depopulated our city, returned upon me last night, and Hippocrates and Acron tell me that my end is near.

When we agreed, O Aspasia, in the beginning of our loves, to communicate our thoughts by writing, even while we were both in Athens, and when we had many reasons for it, we little foresaw the more powerful one that has rendered it necessary of late. We never can meet again. The laws forbid it, and love itself enforces them. Let wisdom be heard by you as imperturbably, and affection as authoritatively, as ever; and remember that the sorrow of Pericles can arise but from the bosom of Aspasia. There is only one word of tenderness we could say, which we have not said oftentimes before; and there is no consolation in it. The happy never say, and never hear said, farewell.

Reviewing the course of my life, it appears to me, at one moment, as if we met but yesterday; at another, as if centuries had past within

it; for within it have existed the greater part of those who, since the origin of the world, have been the luminaries of the human race. Damon called me from my musick to look at Aristides on his way to exile: and my father prest the wrist by which he was leading me along, and whispered in my ear,

"*Walk quickly by; glance cautiously; it is there Miltiades is in prison.*"

In my adolescence I offered the rites of hospitality to Pindar and Empedocles: not long afterward I embraced the neck of Eschylus, about to abandon his country. With Sophocles I have argued on Eloquence; with Euripides, on polity and ethicks; I have discoursed, as became an inquirer, with Protagoras and Democritus, with Anaxagoras and Meton. From Herodotus I have listened to the most instructive history, conveyed in a language the most copious and the most harmonious; a man worthy to carry away the collected suffrages of universal Greece: a man worthy to throw open the temples of Egypt, and to celebrate the exploits of Cyrus. And from Thucydides, who alone can succeed to him, how recently did my Aspasia hear with me the energetick praises of his just supremacy!

As if the festival of life were incomplete, and wanted one great ornament to crown it, Phidias placed before us, in ivory and gold, the tutelary Deity of this land, and the Jupiter of Homer and Olympus.

To have lived with such men, to have enjoyed their familiarity and esteem, overpays all labours and anxieties. I were unworthy of the friendships I have commemorated, were I forgetful of the latest . . Sacred it ought to be, formed as it was under the portico of Death . . my friendship with the most sagacious, the most scientifick, the most beneficent of philosophers, Acron and Hippocrates. If mortal could war against Pestilence and Destiny, they had been victorious. I leave them in the field: unfortunate he who finds them among the fallen!

And now, at the close of my day, when every light is dim, and every guest departed, let me own that these wane before me, remembering, as I do, in the pride and fulness of my heart, that Athens confided her glory and Aspasia her happiness to me.

Have I been a faithful guardian? do I resign them to the custody of the gods undiminished and

unimpaired? Welcome, then, welcome, my last hour! After enjoying for so great a number of years, in my publick and my private life, what I believe has never been the lot of any other, I now extend my hand to the urn, and take without reluctance or hesitation what is the lot of all.

ALCIBIADES TO ASPASIA.

I returned to Athens in time to receive the last injunctions of my guardian. What I promised him, to comfort him in his departure, I dare not promise his Aspasia, lest I fail in the engagement; nevertheless I will hope that my natural unsteadiness may sometimes settle on his fixt principles. But what am I, what are all my hopes, in comparison with the last few words of this great man, surely the greatest that earth has ever seen, or ever will see hereafter! Let me repeat them to you, for they are more than consolation, and better. If on such a loss, I or any one could console you, I should abominate you eternally.

I found him surrounded by those few friends whom pestilence and despair had left in the city.

They had entered but a little while before me; and it appears that one or other of them had been praising him for his exploits.

"In these," replied he, "fortune hath had her share: tell me rather if you wish to gratify me, that never have I caused an Athenian to put on mourning."

I burst forward from the doorway, and threw my arms around his neck.

"O Pericles! my first, last only friend! afar be that hour yet!" cried I, and my tears rolled abundantly on his cheeks. Either he felt them not, or dissembled and disregarded them; for, seeing his visiters go away, he began with perfect calmness to give me such advice as would be the best to follow in every occurrence, and chiefly in every difficulty. When he had ended, and I was raising my head from above his pillow, (for I continued in that posture, ashamed that he, who spake so composedly, should perceive my uncontrollable emotion,) I remarked I knew not what upon his bosom. He smiled faintly, and said,

"Alcibiades! I need not warn you against superstition: it never was among your weaknesses. Do not wonder at these amulets: above

all, do not order them to be removed. The kind old nurses, who have been carefully watching over me day and night, are persuaded that these will save my life. Superstition is rarely so kind-hearted; whenever she is, unable as we are to reverence, let us at least respect her. After the good patient creatures have found, as they must soon, all their traditional charms unavailing, they will surely grieve enough, and perhaps from some other motive than their fallibility in science. Inflict not, O Alcibiades! a fresh wound upon their grief, by throwing aside the tokens of their affection. In hours like these we are the most indifferent to opinion, and greatly the most sensible to kindness."

The statesman, the orator, the conqueror, the protector, had died away; the philosopher, the humane man, yet was living . . alas! few moments more.

ALCIBIADES TO ASPASIA.

Must I again, Aspasia, torment my soul? again must I trouble yours? Has the pestilence then

seized me, that I want hardihood, strength, understanding, to begin my labour? No; I walk through the house of mourning, firmly, swiftly, incessantly: my limbs are alert as ever.

Write it I must. Somebody was at the gates; admittance was, it seems, not granted readily. I heard a voice, feeble and hoarse, and, looking forth, saw two women, who leaned against the lintels.

"Let her enter, let her enter: look at her: she is one of us."

These words were spoken by the younger; and maliciously. Scarcely had she uttered them when her head dropped forward. The stranger caught and supported her, and cried *help! help!* and rubbed her temples, and, gazing on her with an intensity of compassion, closed her eyelids; for death had come over them. In my horror, my fright and dastardly cowardice I should rather call it, I failed to prevent or check her.

Aspasia has then her equal on the earth!

Aspasia is all that women in their wildest wishes can desire to be; Cleone, all that the Immortals are. But she has friendship, she has sympathy: have those?

She has, did I say? And can nothing then bring me back my recollection? not even she! I want it not . . those moments are present yet, and will never pass away.

She asked for you.

"Aspasia," answered I, "is absent."

"Not with her husband! not with her husband!" cried she.

"Pericles," I replied, "is gone to the Blessed."

"She was with him then, while hope remained for her! I knew she would be. Tell me she was."

And saying it, she grasped my arm, and looked earnestly in my face. Suddenly, as it appeared to me, she blushed slightly: on her countenance there was, momentarily, somewhat less of its paleness. She walked into the aviary: the lattice stood open: the birds were not flown, but dead. She drew back; she hesitated; she departed. I followed her: for now, and not earlier I bethought me it was Cleone. Before I came up to her, she had asked a question of an elderly man, who opened his lips but could not answer her, and whose arm, raised with difficulty from the pavement, when it would have directed her to the

object of her inquiry, dropped upon his breast. A boy was with him, gazing in wonder at the elegance and composure of her attire, such as, in these years of calamity and of indifference to seemliness, can nowhere be found in Athens. He roused himself from his listless posture, beckoned, and walked before us. Reaching the garden of Epimedea, we entered it through the house; silent, vacant, the doors broken down. Sure sign that some family, perhaps many, had, but few days since, utterly died off within its chambers. For nearly all the habitations, in all quarters of the city, are crowded with emigrants from the burghs of Attica. The pestilence is now the least appalling where it has made the most havock. But how hideous, how disheartening, is the sudden stride before our eyes, from health and beauty to deformity and death! In this waste and desolation there was more peacefulness, I believe, than anywhere else beyond, in the whole extent of our dominions. It was not to last.

A tomb stood opposite the entrance: Cleone rushed toward it, reposed her brow against it, and said at intervals,

"I am weary: I ache throughout: I thirst bitterly: I cannot read the epitaph."

The boy advanced, drew his finger slowly along at the bottom of the letters, and said,

"Surely they are plain enough . .

"*Xeniades son of Charondas.*"

He turned round and looked at me, well satisfied. Cleone lowered her cheek to the inscription; but her knees bent under her, and she was fain to be seated on the basement.

"Cleone!" said I, . . she started at the name . . "Come, I beseech you, from that sepulcher."

"The reproof is just," she replied . . "Here, too, even here, I am an alien!"

Aspasia! she will gladden your memory no more: never more will she heave your bosom with fond expectancy. There is none to whom, in the pride of your soul, you will run with her letters in your hand. He, upon whose shoulder you have read them in my presence, lies also in the grave: the last of them is written.

THE END.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA